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1930

Sociological tendencies in modern  
poetry.

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Thesis

Sociological Tendencies In Modern Poetry

Submitted by

Dawn Nelson Wallace

(B. L. I. , Emerson College, 1920)

In partial fulfillment of requirements for the  
degree of Master of Education

1930







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## Social Expression found in Poetry

"For all men live by truth, and stand in need of expression. In love, in art, in avarice, in politics, in labor, in games, we study to utter our painful secret. The man is only half himself, the other half is his expression".

Emerson has helped to explain one of the simple definitions of literature, namely, "Literature is the outgrowth of the life of a people". Witter Bynner is still more comforting when he says, "any poetry is good poetry if it pleases you and stirs you to better living". Now the litterateur is a very jealous person in his domain and may object to the use of literature as a means of social expression. To demand that literature shall be something more than a tool in the hands of clumsy reformers is surely a just claim. But literature and sociology need to understand each other. They are co-workers. One sociologist has very aptly remarked, "each department has over its head an infinite heaven to which it is related, and under its feet a fertile soil in which to dig". However, our task is not in cataloging sociology or literature; but in selecting certain men and women, who as thinkers have expressed in poetic form the growth in our civilization. If the poet does anything, he voices the life about him.

Social earnestness of the times has always colored literature; Carlyle's "French Revolution", Dicken's novels that covered many social abuses, Ruskin's belief in brotherhood, and Tennyson's theological controversies put into lyric poetry, are only a few examples. In fact, the central note in Victorian literature was sociology, declares Frederic Harrison. Indeed, the literature of all countries has contributed to the rise of civilization. Tartuff dealt a blow to church pretensions and "Vanity Fair" relieved us of a good deal of snobbery.

The poet has seldom been able to hold himself aloof from the conditions which are the subject of social inquiry. Much of our poetry is







written for its own age. Whenever it sidesteps too great a degree it becomes decadent. A glance at the Pre-Raphaelites discloses the reactionary effects of the Industrial Revolution. 1848 saw the forming of the Pre-Raphaelite circle which consisted of poets and painters. The most interesting member of this group to our study is William Morris, who has often been called the only sane person of this erratic assembly. Their creed, for every group must have a creed, was to render nature as she is in obedience to the artists sense of truth. How that sense of truth was outraged by the materialism about them can only be imagined. Swineburne, one of the more famous members, lived for many years in seclusion and the results were far from wholesome. To return to Morris, we find he first decided to enter the Church ; but a friendship formed at Oxford with Burne-Jones resulted in enough self-analysis to turn Morris into the more practical career of an interior decorator. Falling in love with charming Jane Burden , he built and decorated a beautiful home for her and took in a very practical way his fling at the ugliness about him. Between 1861 and 1896 this one man effected an entire revolution in public taste. He was a member of the firm of Morris, Marshall and Faulkner Co. , dealers in wall papers, fabrics, and decorations and finally became the sole owner. The man was essentially a dreamer and a student. Revolting against his times he went back to the middle ages and got ideas for the arts and crafts. With him, it was art for the people, by the people, a joy to the maker, and a joy to the user. But what of his poetry? Not alone in lovely furniture, glowing wall papers, and beautiful fabrics did he cry out against ugliness but in his verse and prose. A few prophetic lines in 1885 foretell some of the English social reforms.

"Why, then, and for what are we waiting?

There are three words to speak;

We will it, and what is the foeman but the dream strong

wakened and weak?

O why and for what are we waiting? while our brothers droop and die.





And on every wind of the heavens a wasted life goes by.

How long shall they reproach us, where crowd on crowd they dwell,

Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold-crushed, hungry hell?

Through squalid life they labored, in sordid grief they died,

Those sons of a mighty mother, those props of English pride."

Labor and capital and the grinding down of the masses shriek in the lines : "It is we must answer and hasten, and open wide the door,

For the rich man's hurrying terror, and the slow-foot hope of the poor

The truth of the above quoted poem was cruelly brought home to the English people in 1900 when on account of the physical condition of the men recruited for the Boer War a lower physical standard had to be resorted to.

The Pre-Raphaelites suffer when compared with Tennyson and Browning and yet they are as much a product of their time as the greater men. In their sublime isolation they were reacting to the ugliness produced by the incursion of the Industrial Revolution.

A story of Mr. Longfellow is told that illustrates the universal character of poetry as applied to the life of the common people. One day while driving through Newcastle, England, his carriage was suddenly halted and he found himself surrounded by coal-begrimed miners. He thought he was about to be robbed; but the spokesman of the crowd, doffing his cap inquired, "Is this Mr. Longfellow"?

"It is", came the courteous reply.

"Well sir, some of us heard you was passing this way and we got permission to come up out of the mine and see you. We wanted to say, 'God bless the man that wrote "The Psalm of Life". And with a lusty cheer they trooped back to their ugly job.

Poetry does much to reveal the past.

"Vain was the chiefs, the sages pride!

They had no poets and they died".

And on every side of the heaven a voice: "The poor!"

How long shall they reproach us, when we stand in need of help?

For those of the wretched city, the gold-diggers, hungry men!

Through wretched life they labor, in earth's great day!

Those sons of a mighty nation, whose power is English pride!

Labour and capital and the grinding down of the masses under in the

lines: "It is we must answer and hasten, and open wide the door,

For the rich man's hungry terror, and the slave's rage of the poor

The truth of the above quoted poem was vividly brought home to me in

1903 when on one of the physical condition of the men re-

lated for the poor a lower physical standard had to be resorted to.

The Pre-Raphaelite artist when compared with Thompson and Spenser

and we find in each a product of their time as the greatest men. In their

sublime realization they were reaching to the highest produced by the literature

of the Industrial Revolution.

A study of Mr. Longfellow is told that illustrated the universal

character of poetry as applied to the life of the nation. The day after

leaving through Newmarket, England, his carriage was suddenly halted and he

found himself surrounded by coal-begging men. He thought he was about to be

robbed; but the spokesman of the crowd, holding his bag upturned, "Is this Mr.

Longfellow?"

"Yes," came the courteous reply.

"Well sir, when our hearts you are passing this way and we are separated by

come up out of the mine and see you. We wanted to say, 'God bless the poet'

words of the Psalm of David. And since a heavy chain they crossed back to their

work.

Feeling that much to reveal the poet.

"You are the child, the great child

They are no poet and they die."



The durability of literature, and poetry is always written for the ear rather than the eye, is one of its greatest assets; surpassed only by its greatness as a tool. As for the durability of literature let us glance at the Arthurian Cycle. Malory, as far as we know, gives the first written version; Spenser, the poet's poet, mentions it in his "Faerie Queen"; Shakespeare in part two of Henry IV puts into the mouth of Justice Shallow a reference to the tales, "I was then Sir Dagnet"; and in 1928 John Masefield in his "Midsummer Night" has used these tales for some twenty-two poems. The inspiration has held throughout the ages and each man has contributed through his imagination and philosophy a quest for the Holy Grail. But it takes no imagination to see that each man has to some extent echoed the thought of his time. Today high school girls and boys call Arthur a cad for moralizing with Gwenivere at his feet repentant. Tennyson's generation gloried in that speech. Masefield in the title poem of his collection "Midsummer Night" allows Arthur to confess his guilt. This man is no god, but filled with human frailty dares to confess. Modred, Lancelot, Gwenivach, and Gwenivere all try to take the blame. Just an echo of our 20th century idea of facing the battle.

There is a current belief that when Robert Bridges passes on, England will not have another laureate. In the light of what Tennyson did to commemorate great events and national heroes this seems hardly possible.

Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband, has no greater monument, in spite of the Memorial Chapel at Windsor and Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of His Highness the Prince Consort" in five volumes, than the lines of dedication to him in "The Idylls of the King":

"These to his memory--since he held them dear,

Perchance as finding there unconsciously

Some image of himself--I dedicate,

I dedicate, I consecrate with tears---

These Idylls.



The history of literature, and poetry is always written for the  
our reader from the eye, in one of the greatest writers, and yet it  
greatness as a poet. As for the history of literature, let us glance at the  
Arthurian Cycle, which, as far as we know, gives the first written version;  
generally, the most poet, mentioned in his "Festschrift"; Shakespeare in part  
two of Henry IV. and the words of the other writers a reference to the same  
"I was then the Beggar"; and in 1835 Shakespeare in his "Midsummer Night"  
used these lines for some twenty-two years. The investigation has been thorough  
in ages and each has contributed through his imagination and philosophy  
quest for the Holy Grail. But it takes no imagination to see that each has  
to some extent seen the change of his life. John has his school girls and boy  
and Arthur a new one consisting with Gwendolene at his feet. There  
one generation is cited in this essay. Shakespeare in the little poem of his  
lection "Midsummer Night" allow Arthur to confess his guilt. This man is no  
God, but filled with human frailty, able to confess, to doubt, to wonder,  
Gwendolene, and then lives as I try to take the blame. Just on edge of our  
century idea of facing the battle.

There is a better belief that when Robert Bridges passed on,  
England will not have another leaver. In the land of men, I suppose the  
celebrated great events and national crises this seems hardly possible.

Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband, was no greater monument, in spite of  
the fact that he was a King and a husband. He was a little of the King-  
heart. His Prince Consort, in five volumes, than the lines of dedication to him  
in "The Life of the King".

There is his memory--since he held some rank,  
Ferdinand as Prince of Asturias, I suppose,  
So we have of his life--I suppose,  
I suppose, I suppose as I suppose--  
These things.

And indeed he seems to me  
 Scarce other than my king's ideal knight,  
 "Who revered his conscience as his king;  
 Whose glory was, redressing human wrongs;  
 Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;  
 Who loved one only and who claved to her--"  
 Her--over all whose realm to their last isle,  
 Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,  
 The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,  
 Darkening the world. We have lost him, he is gone:  
 We know him now: all narrow jealousies  
 Are silent; and we see him as he moved,  
 How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise  
 With what sublime repression of himself,  
 And in what limits and how tenderly;  
 Not swaying to this faction or to that;  
 Not making his high place the lawless perch  
 Of winged ambition, nor a vantage ground  
 For pleasure; but through all this tract of years  
 Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

\*\*\*\*\*

Albert the good".

Lytton Strachey, in his life of "Queen Victoria" says, "henceforth  
 it was impossible to forget that Albert had worn the white flower of a blame-  
 less life".

The highly sensitive soul of the poet brings society of its own time  
 into consciousness. The universal quality of great literature, a prescience  
 of which the poet has acquired, helps to arouse the more materially minded.  
 His highly imaginative nature enables him to participate in all the social  
 ills of humanity. He must be able to present not only the outward conditions





of life, but also "the thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears". 6 Poetry in its strong emotional appeal will cause men and women to act, right wrongs, and clear the way for their more coldly intellectual brothers to bring about a better social order. Dickens in his "Nicholas Nickleby" inveighed against the cruelties practised in the public schools of England. People were, upon the whole, unaware of these conditions and to be made aware was to get something done. In a current issue of the Literary Digest there are two poems, one referring to the burden of taxation in England and the other to child labor in the United States. Neither of these poems would be considered great poetry; but they have their place both in literature and social life. MacFlecknoe in his poem "Schedule" flays the British Parliament for what seems to him an unfair taxation for the middle classes. The sarcasm is by no means veiled, it is shouted to the hill-tops.

"Of course, in a way, 'tis an honor to carry the national debt,  
And pay for the army and navy, and air force and cabinet;  
To feel that Ramsay's my wage-slave, and Philip Snowden M. P.,  
Collects the cash from our allies as an agent employed by me."

The English are paying their war debt to the United States and it is a disheartening experience. Will the poet and the social seer be able to drive the lesson home so there will be no more war.

Joy Kilmer's "A Tribute" makes one feel it almost a duty to mount the soap box and cry out to the public for protection for the children. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" utters the same burning contempt for capitalism that dares to exploit childhood. Even the common things of life, a fair, sunshine, and a time for play, are denied these little ones.

"I recall a window that opened near the engine room,  
Windows could be raised by stealth (a crack across the sill)  
Through this space on sunny days we used to watch the cattle  
Following a tiny path to reach a distant hill."

Dr. William Clark Gordon says "ideals are, after all, the produ-



of life, but also "the thought which is often the only one that  
poetry is the strong emotional appeal will cause and no man to act, right  
wrong, or clear the way for their more coldly intellectual brothers to be  
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ed against the artificial practical in the public schools of England. Poetry  
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two poems, one referring to the burden of taxation in England and the other  
to child labor in the United States. Neither of these poems would be consid-  
ered great poetry; but they have their place both in literature and social  
life. Macfarlane in his poem "Scholarship" plays the British Parliament to  
that seems to him a unfair taxation for the middle classes. The cartoon is  
by no means varied, it is devoted to the hill-tops.

"Of course, in a way, 'tis an honor to carry the national debt,  
And pay for the army and navy, and air force and cabinet;  
To feel that Ramsey's my wage-slave, and Philip Snowden M. P.,  
Collects the cash from our allies as an agent employed by me."  
The English are paying their war debt to the United States and  
it is a humiliating experience. Will the poet and the social poet be able  
to drive the lesson home as there will be no more war.

Joy Kilmer's "A Tristram" makes one feel it almost a duty to mount  
the soap box and cry out to the public for protection for the children. Mrs.  
Sto whinge's "City of the Children" utters the same burning contempt for org-  
anism that hates to exclude childhood. Even the common things of life, a  
city, would he, and a time for play, are denied these little ones.  
"I recall a window that opened near the engine room,  
Windows could be raised by wheels (a crack across the sill)  
Through this space in sunny days we used to watch the traffic  
To flowing a tiny path to reach a distant hill."  
Dr. William Clark Gordon says "Ideals are, after all, the prom-

ct of the past and the present, modified by the dominant intentions and 6  
the sublimest visions of a personality". This leads to a consideration of  
the word personality. One can scarcely pick up a news paper or a magazine  
to day without finding , if not an article on "How to acquire Personality",  
at least, reference to that most marketable of intangibles. Roosevelt says  
repeatedly that personality is two thirds of a man's success. But with the  
poet and his vision it is more than a back slapping, hand-shaking Rotarian  
Kiwanian affair. Personality may be said to express itself in three differ-  
ent ways: by a man's gesture and bearing-- his attitude toward the big thi-  
ngs of life, by his speech and what use he makes of it, and by his charact-  
er, --not his way of living, for indeed, the flesh is often weak, --but in  
his vision and its expression. The best self of a man or woman is the real  
self. Those few moments when he stands on the heights. As one of our news-  
paper poets has put it, "When you stand back to back with your God". And thi  
is may account for the influence of poetry in the Business world. The poet  
has only voiced in his inimitable way the things we have all felt . He has  
put it into enduring form.

To all but the arch-pessimist, "Every fall of the race is a  
fall upward" and even he admits that every age must have its literature.  
A glance into the modern history text-book reveals an interesting feature  
quite foreign to the older texts used in Universities. Military glory is no  
longer the chief consideration. Statesmanship, economic situations, geogra-  
phy all come in for a share. But most encouraging to the lover of literatur  
the historian includes in the development of every country and its differen  
eras a chapter on the literature of the day and does not hesitate to evalu-  
ate its influence. Romanticism commonly accepted as a literary movement and  
fathered by Rousseau was really a moral and social movement. Artist like  
Millet and Corot revolted at the patronage of the bourgeoisie and refused to  
paint their fat puffy wives an equall obese lap dogs. They suffered finan-  
cially but the common man came into his own. "The Angelus" and "The Reaper"  
are brilliant examples of the paesant life. Classicism departed with kings



of the past and the present, modified by the dominant influences and the  
the wildest vision of a personality. This leads to a consideration of  
the word personality. One can scarcely pick up a newspaper and magazine  
to day without finding it not an article on "How to acquire personality",  
at least, reference to that most marketable of intangibles. Roosevelt says  
repeatedly that personality is the child of a man's success. But with the  
poet and his vision it is more than a back-slap, hand-shaking, Rotary  
Klansman effort. Personality may be said to express itself in various differ-  
ent ways: by a man's gesture and bearing--his attitude toward the big things  
of life, by his speech and what use he makes of it, and by his conduct.  
er,--not his way of living, for indeed, the flesh is often weak,--but in  
his vision and its expression. The best self of a man or woman is the real  
self. Those few moments when he stands on the heights. As one of our new-  
spaper poets has put it, "When you stand back to back with your God". And it  
is my contention for the hundreds of readers in the business world, the poet  
has only voiced in his inimitable way the things we have all felt. He has  
put it into enduring form.

To all but the arch-pessimist, "Every fall of the race is a  
fall upward" and even he admits that every age must have its literature.  
A glance into the modern history text-book reveals an interesting feature  
quite foreign to the older text used in Universities. Military glory is no  
longer the chief consideration. Statecraft, economic conditions, govern-  
ment all come in for a share. But most encouraging to the lover of literature  
the histories included in the curriculum of every country and the differ-  
ent chapters on the literature of the day and does not hesitate to intro-  
duce the influence. Romanticism commonly accepted as a literary movement and  
fostered by Emerson was really a moral and social movement. Alfred  
Miller and Gorer revealed at the patronage of the bourgeoisie and relied on  
paint their fat puppy wives on small obese legs. They suffered man-  
dantly for the common man came into his own. "The Angel" and "The Angel"  
are brilliant examples of the present day. Classicism described the



and queensan Romanticism reached out and embraced all humanity. It was a tim to revalue all humanity and life as well; to see things in their true relationship . Walt Whitman in Americasounded the call for democracy. The Civil War and the suffering it brought to his people set this seer upon his feet to to fling a clarion call that could be heard down through the ages.

Sidney Lanier, that peer of Southern poets whose frail body was racked with disease, caught the vision of a united people to be freed not only from the horror of slavery but from the clutches of "Trade". His poem "The Symphony" calls out to man to release forces that drag men and women down. He even caught the vision of a single moral standard for men and women, and declares in the end that love rules all. His poem "Corn" is a plea for men to listen to the poet, who sees in the soil the redemption of the South. No weakling was this man urging his fellowmen to till the soil, that they had so long ridden over as landlords. Never a despairing South but a looking forward to new conquest.

Dr Charlton Black, the well-known Shakespearan scholar, in the early days of the writer's college life, presented this idea one day to his class, "Truth lives, all else decays". Then elaborating for our immature minds, he gave out this rather disconcerting, discouraging fact that be as sincere, as industrious as one has a capacity for being, acquire even certain definite things; it all may fade, if one has not succeeded in creating something that will better humanity. All dross, all littleness fades away; But to stand by a conviction either to the church or the state, to be a home-maker loyal to all the demand of a family is to build truth. In the light of later years, the discouraging part of this lesson has faded and there has come a deep thankfulness in the thought of the oblivion in the trial and error. All great sermons, all inspiration does not come from the pulpit and it is true indeed that many a teacher is a still better preacher. This may seem like a digression from the relation of literature, but it is an example of what the interpreter of great literature



and American Revolution reached out and embraced all humanity. It was a life  
to reveal all humanity and life as well; to see things in their true  
relationship. This vision in American history was not for democracy. The  
life and the suffering it brought to his people and this was upon his  
as to bring a Christian call that could be heard down through the ages.

Christian history, that a call to Christian people whose truth was revealed  
brought the vision of a united people to be freed not only from the  
in error of slavery but from the vision of "truth". His was the spirit  
truth. It was to reveal a vision that was not only for men and women down  
the vision of a single moral standard for men and women, and that in  
the end that love must win. His was the vision of a man for his people  
the past, who was in the call the revelation of the South. He was the  
this man urging his fellowmen to all the world, that there was no just  
over as individuals. Never a despairing spirit but a looking forward to a  
constant.

It is often said, the well-known American scholar, in the early  
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that fact will bring him only. All that is, it is not fair, it is not  
but to stand in a position either to the church or the state, to be  
no answer to get to all the demand of a family is to build things. In the  
light of later years, the discouraging part of this lesson was that  
there was once a deep significance in the thought of the vision in the  
that the world. All great nations, all great religions, all great  
the world and it is true that the world is a world of  
a reason. This vision is a vision from the vision of the  
now, but it is a vision of the future of the world.

can do for the individual.

Institutions , such as the school, the family, the church, and the state are the hand-maidens of truth. But institutions are as changing as the society which they represent. And this wise for they are only a convenience for the search of the stable thing, truth.

In the collection of verse presented with the explanatory introductions an endeavor has been made to clear the way for better social insight. The poets idealism creeds have kept man on the move onward and upward. The changing economic life has done much to change living conditions for the betterment of the family, the more optimistic think. It is a consensus of opinion that the change in the status of women has made for the betterment of the social order. To be discouraged about the conflicts in life society is not to see life and see it whole. To have men and women unaware of ugly conditions is to be discouraged. Frazer' "Golden Bough" is a splendid antidote for those who need a spiritual pick-me-up. Far more convincing than Lippman's , "Preface to Morals". To read the "golden Bough" is to welcome changing conceptions in religion. For the evolutionist , and the more scientific trend is toward evolution, the national outlook was only a step along the way. Darwin might say it was the day we lost our tails or stood upright for the first time. Tennyson would musically announce internationalism as "moving into that clearer light".

"For where is he, the citizen,  
Deep-hearted, moderate, firm, whose eyes  
His path before him? Not with these,  
Shadows of statesmen!

Uncertain of ourselves we chase  
The clap of hands, we jar like boys:  
And in the hurry and the noise  
Great spirits grow akin to base.



can be for the individual.

Institutions, such as the school, the family, the church,

and the state are the hand-maidens of truth. But institutions are as

dead as the body which they represent. And this also for any

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condition in the state is not to be left as it is. To have men

and women understand their conditions is to be encouraged. Henry's Golden

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for more convincing than Henry's, "Prayer to the Lord". To read the "Gospel"

and Henry is to welcome changing conditions in religion. For the evolution-

ment, and the more scientific trend is toward evolution, the national

condition is a step along the way. Henry's Golden Rule is a

we just can take on good night for the Lord's Golden Rule.

musically announce internationalism as "Singing from the Golden Rule."

"For there is he, the golden"

long-haired, golden, golden, golden

His hair before him like a golden

Golden of golden

Uncertain of ourselves we are

The air is white, we get the light

And in the light we are the light

Great white from the light.

I llfare a people passion wrought,  
 A land of many days that cleaves  
 In two great halves, when each one leaves  
 The middle road of sober thought.

Not he that breaks the dams, but he  
 That through the channels of the state  
 Convoys the people's wish, is great;  
 His name is pure, his fame is free;

He cares if ancient usage fades,  
 To shape, to settle, to repair,  
 With seasonable changes fair,  
 And innovations grade by grade;  
 Or, if the sense of most require  
 A precedent of larger scope,  
 Not deals in threats, but works with hope,  
 And lights at length on his desire,

Kno wing those laws are just alone  
 That contemplate a mighty plan,  
 The frame, the mind, the soul of man,  
 Like one that cultivates his own.  
 He seeing far and all sublime,  
 Contends, despising petty-rage,  
 To hold the spirit of the Age  
 Against the Spirit of the Time.

Unpublished poem

Al fred Tennyson~~1~~.

The culmination of these things , at least, argue for pro -  
 gress and the onward march of democracy, and by democracy is meant not



I think people are not yet

A lot of people have been

in the past, and now we have

The whole of the world is

and in the future, the same, but

There is a great deal of

Consequently, the people of the

It is not the same, the same

The same is not the same

to show, a little, a little

with the same, the same

and the same, the same

of, it is the same, the same

A present, the same, the same

not the same, the same, the same

and the same, the same, the same

and the same, the same, the same

the same, the same, the same

The same, the same, the same

like the same, the same, the same

the same, the same, the same

the same, the same, the same

to hold the same, the same

against the same, the same

Unpublished work

At first, the same

The collection of the same, the same

the same, the same, the same

but a blanket term intended to cover all those movements and tendencies in human relationships that make for the elimination of inequalities whether caused by nature or by man.

The old adage "selfishness is at the root of all evil" and by many believed to be so deeply imbedded in human nature that it can never be extracted has been struck a fearful blow in a vulnerable spot. Individualism must give way for the group.

"All things more-----

And human beings returning on themselves

Move onward leading up the golden year."



but a single form intended to show all these movements and conditions  
in some relationship that will be all that is needed for investigation  
whether done by means of by hand.

The old style will be in the form of all cells  
and by many believed to be as easily adapted to other matters that it can  
never be extracted and even almost a perfect copy in a suitable form.  
In this case the form is for the use of the

"All things are..."

And many things recorded in the same  
have been found in the same way.

ADIROND  
BOND

## II

## The Poet as a Prophet

It seems almost an anachronism in this scientific age and in view of the connotation of the word poet to head this chapter, "The Poet a Prophet Yet: "Caesar dreamed him a world ruled well,

Dante dreamed heaven out of hell;

Angelo brought us there to dwell".

No great deed, no scientific adventure ever yet was realized, but it was born in the mind of a visionary. First comes the dream and then after years of struggle through trial and error is born the fruit.

In the days of the Reformation and for many years after the bitterness among men of differing religious views was rampant. The depredations of Cromwell, stark ruins of Muckross Abbey and many another monastery bear mute evidence of this, Yet Tennyson prophesied an universal church and today even the layman can vision the possibility.

War, an institution, dating back to the days of the settlements along the fertile Nile, when the hordes came down from the mountains to plunder the farms and the agriculturists in turn formed bands to protect their homes and property, has grown and surrounded itself with slavery, greed, and all the attendant horrors made possible by modern science. Since the days of Christianity war has continued, each side declaring He was the avenger of the decrees of a just God. But today men are learning another lesson, slowly, to be sure, but Tennyson's "Golden Year" sang of an universal peace and in the light of a League of Nations and a Kellogg Peace Pact we wonder if it is just the fancy of a poet. Our own Longfellow in 1843 visiting the Arsenal at Springfield was led to write the following lines in a plea for peace:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror:

Were half the wealth bestowed on camp and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,

There were no need of arsenals and forts."





The brotherhood of man has been the theme of the poet since Jesus of Nazareth lived it on earth. Modern transportation comes nearer to perfecting this idea than any other thing throughout the ages. To know other people is often to love them. We are told that we are a speck of intellect on a sea of emotion and we must not forget that emotion is universal.

The unconscious influence of good over evil is ever abroad. Perhaps Browning in his *Pippa Passes* is as good an illustration as one could wish for. Pippa on her one holiday feels she cannot squander one mite of her twelve hours treasure. So she fares forth to find and sing to mankind that "God's in his heaven,

All's right with the world.

Through the day she sings her song of love and cheer and on the ears of erring man it falls to arouse him to the best that is in his nature. She returns to her little room at the end of the day and lovingly Browning puts his theory of life to us.

"All service ranks the same with God  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we; there is no last or first".

A study of *Locksley Hall* is almost uncanny in its prophetic vision. Certainly, the airplane as an invention did not figure in Tennyson's day; yet, he speaks of "Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales". We are using planes today rather commonly for passenger and mail service. Is it a far cry to commercial use? Bombs thrown from airplanes and gas attacks were heralded long before the world war made them a horrible reality. Disarmament has not come, but men and women are thinking as never before. Just how far ahead this poet laureate of England was remains to be seen but the earth may yet slumber "lapt in universal law".

Almost a century ago Longfellow saw the futility of war and held a belief that love working through the mind of man would some day bring peace. It is a rather sentimental view he brings for war is not common sense





in this enlightened day. Scientifically it can be proven all wrong.

Every war brings its sacrileges and the murder of Edith Cavell was one of the most awful atrocities of the World War. Laurence Binyon perhaps best explains her beauty of soul in the lines:

"A triumphant voice

Of the human heart that dared venture all

But live to itself untrue,

And beyond all laws sees love as the light in the night,

As the star it must answer to".

The universal nature in man has been the theme of the poet since he began his record of events. Before the day of Christ, the pagan philosophers sought for something to satisfy their souls. They caught first at one thing and then at another. The East had one philosophy and the West had another and ever the restless search. With the coming of Christ fraught with misgivings as it was, a change came gradually but surely, men began to understand each other. The Brotherhood of man is more than a phrase. Reading of Ghandi and his followers in their march to the sea to revolt against foreign rule touches the hearts of men and women in our own country. We are not sure but they are better off under British rule but the desire for freedom touches a responsive cord. The day will come when there will be no East or West. Kipling sings in full organ tones:

"But there is neither East or West, border or breed or birth

When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the  
end of the earth".

Matthew Arnold filled with the sweetness and light sees each with his contribution toward the common good. And so the struggle goes on. We gain a little here and slip once more into the mire. Reckoned by year it is discouraging by centuries encouraging.



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## Pippa Passes

Pippa awakes and sings----

Day!

Faster and more fast,

O'er nights brim, day boils at last;

Bolis pure gold, o' er the clouds cup brim

Where spurting and suppressed it lay:

For not a froth flake touched the rim

Of yonder gap in the solid gray

Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;

But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,

Tilll the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,

Rose reddened, and its seething breast

Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

O Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,

A might of my twelve hours treasure,

The least of thy gazes or glances

(Be they grants thou art bound to, or gifts above measure),

One of thy choices, or one of thy chances

Be they tasks God imposed thee, or freaks at thy pleasure--

My day, if I squander such labor or leisure,

Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me.

The first song:

The year' s at the spring,

And day's at the morn;

Morning' s at seven;

The hillside's dew pearled;

The lark' s on the wing;

The snail' s on the thorn;



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God's in his heaven---

All's right with the world.

The second song:

Give her but a least excuse to love me,

When---where-----

How--an this arm establish her above me,

If fortune fixed her as my lady there,

There already, to eternally reprove me?

(Hist, said Kate the Queen;

But 'Oh', cried the maiden, binding her tresses,

'Tis only a page that carols unseen,

Crumbling your hounds their messes).

Is she wronged ? To the rescue of her honor,

My heart,

Is she poor?--What cost's it to be styled a donor?

Merely an earth to cleave, a sea to part,

But that fortune should have thrust all this upon thee

(Nay, list, bade Kate the Queen;

And still cried the maiden binding her tresses,

'Tis only a page that carols unseen

Fitting your hawks their jesses).

The third song:

A king lived long ago,

In the morning of the world,

When earth was nigher heaven than now;

And the king's locks curled,

Disparting o'er a forehead full

As the milk white space 'twixt horn and horn



God's in his heaven---

All's right with the world.

The second song:

Give me but a heart's exchange to love me,

When--where--

How--oh this arm establish her above me,

If fortune fix me not as my lady there,

There already, to eternally reprove me?

(My, said Kate the Queen;

But 'Oh! cried the maiden, binding her tresses,

'Tis only a page that carols unseen,

Crabbling your bounds their measure).

Is she wronged? To the cause of her honor,

My heart,

Is she poor?--What cost's it to be styled a knight?

Merely an oath to cleave, a seal to part,

But that fortune should have thrust it this upon thee

(My, said Kate the Queen;

And still cried the maiden binding her tresses,

'Tis only a page that carols unseen,

Fitting your new-born chain (these)).

The third song:

A king lived long ago,

In the morning of the world,

When earth was lighter heaven than now;

And the king's look's curled,

Disarming 'as a forehead's fall

As the milk white roses' white horn and horn

Of some sacrificial bull--

Only calm as a babe new born;

For he was got to a sleepy mood,

So safe from all decrepitude,

Age with its bane so sure gone by--

The gods so loved him as he dreamed

That, having lived thus long, there seemed

There seemed, no need the king should ever die.

Among the rocks his city as;

Before his palace in the sun,

He sat to see his people pass,

And judge them every one.

From its threshold of smooth stone,

They haled him many a valley thief

Caught in the sheep-pens, robber-chief

Swarthy and shameless, beggar-cheat,

Spy-prowler, or rough pirate found

On the sea sand left aground;

And sometimes clung about his feet

With bleeding lip and burning cheek

A woman, bitterest wrong to speak

Of one with sullen thickset brows;

And sometimes from the prison house

The angry priests a pale wretch brought,

Who through some chink had pushed and pressed,

On knees and elbows, belly, and breast,

Worm-like into the temple--caught

At last there by the very god,

Whoever in the darkness strode

Backward and forward, keeping watch



Of some unworldly belief--  
Only call it a false hope;  
For he was not in a sleepy mood,  
So with from all his friends,  
Age with its pains so sure gone by--  
The gods so loved him as he dreamed  
That, having lived thus long, there seemed  
There seemed, no need the king should ever die.

Among the rocks his cliff, as;  
Before his palace in the sun,  
He sat to see his people pass,  
And judge them every one.  
From the threshold of emerald stone,  
They raised his many a valley thing  
Caught in the sheep-skin, robber-chief,  
Dwelling and chamberlain, beggar-chest,  
Boy-grover, or rough sister found  
On the sea and left strand;  
And sometimes along about his feet  
With bleeding lip and burning cheek  
A woman, bitterest wrong to speak  
Of one with swollen thicket brow;  
And sometimes from the prison house  
The empty prison a pale wretch brought,  
Who through some chain had passed and pressed,  
On knees and elbows, belly, and breast,  
Worm-like into the scum--  
At last there by the very god,  
Whoever in the darkness stood  
Backward and forward, passing vain

O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch.

These all and every one,

The king judged, sitting in the sun.

His councillors on left and right,

Looked anxious up, but no surprise

Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes.

Where the very blue had turned to white.

'Tis said, a Python scared one day

The breathless city, till he came,

With forked tongue and eyes on flame,

Where the old king sat to judge away;

But when he saw the sweet hair,

Girt with a crown of berries rare

Which the god will hardly give to wear

To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare

In the altar-smoke of the pine torch lights,

At his wondrous forest rites--

Seeing this he did not dare

Approach that threshold in the sun

Assault the old king smiling there,

Such grace had kings when the world began."

The fourth song:

Overhead the tree-tops meet,

Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;

There was nought above me, nought below,

My childhood had not learned to know;

For what are the voices of birds--

Ay, and of beasts--but words, our words,

Only so much more sweet?



Of the golden world, with robes of gold,

There all are every day,

The king's people, sitting on the wall,

His commission to help the king,

Looked up at him, but no word came,

He looked the king of the world's eyes,

There the very place he turned to see,

'The said', a Python coiled one day,

The greenish light, still in flame,

It is forty years and more in time,

Where the old king sat to judge always;

But when he saw the green light,

Girl with a crown of golden stars,

Which she had with her to wear,

To the maiden who sang, bending low,

I the elder-sister of the golden light,

At his wonderful power of light--

Seeing this he did not dare

Approach that threshold in the sun

Asunder the old king smiling there,

Such grace had king when the world began.

The fourth song:

Overhead the new light rose,

Flowers and green spring, 'neath the light;

There was thought above and love below,

My childhood had not learned to know;

For such was the voice of his day--

At, and of beauty--but words, not words,

Only as light, words rarely.

The knowledge of that with my life begun.

But I had so near made out the sun,

And counted your stars, the seven and one,

Like the fingers of my hand:

Nay, I could all but understand

Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;

And just when out of her soft fifty changes

No unfamiliar face might overlook me--

Suddenly God took me.

All service ranks the same with God--

With God, whose puppets, best and worst,

Are we; there is no last or first.

Robert Browning



The crowing of cock with its first  
 But I had a new way out the door,  
 And counted with stars, the seven in  
 Like the fingers of my hand:  
 Way, I would all day under  
 Therefore through heaven the white moon  
 And just when out of her fifty changes  
 No unfamiliar face might overlook me--  
 Suddenly God took me.

All survives like the same with God--  
 With God, whose power, peace and  
 And yet there is no last or first.

Robert Browning

## The Go l den Year

Be each man's rule and universal peace  
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea  
 Through all the circle of the golden year.

## One Church

Shall bear false witness each of each no more  
 But find their limits by that larger light,  
 And overstep them, moving easily  
 Thro' after ages in the love of truth,  
 The truth of Love.

Alfred Tennyson



The Golden Year

Be each man's rule and universal space  
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
 And like a beam of power across the sea  
 Through all the circles of the golden year.

One Church

Shall best define witness each of each no more  
 But find their hearts by that larger light,  
 And overstep their moving easily  
 Thus, after ages in the love of truth,  
 The truth of love.

Alfred Tennyson

This is the Arsenal, from floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnish'd arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah, what a dreary sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death angel touches those swift keys,  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, thro the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Thro Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war drum made of serpents skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway burst asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;



This is the Arsenal, from floor to ceiling,  
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
 But from their silent pipes no anthem goes up  
 Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah, what a dreary doom will rise, how wild and dreary,

When the death angel touches those swift keys,

What loud lament and dismal Miserere

Will mingle with their awful symphonies.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,

The cries of agony, the endless groan,

Which, thro' the ages that have gone before us,

In long reverberations reach our ear.

On plain and pasture rings the Saxon hammer,

Two Olympic forests roar the Norman's song,

And loud amid the universal clamor,

O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Portuguese, who from his palace

Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis

Beat the wild war drum made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;

The shout and every prayer for mercy strown;

The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage

The wailing famine in beleaguered towns;

The bustling wharf, the gateway burst asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clanking blades;

And ever and anon, in tones of thunder

The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,

With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices

And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,

There were no need of arsenals or forts;

The warriors name would be a name abhorred,

And every nation that should lift again

A hand against its brother, on its forehead

Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain.

Down the dark future, through long generations,

The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace".

Peace, and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of War's great organ shakes the sky,

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,

The holy melodies of love arise.

Henry Longfellow





## Locksley Hall

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
 Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;  
 Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of ghostly sail,  
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;  
 Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew  
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;  
 Far along the world wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,  
 With the standards of the people plunging thro' the thunder-storm;  
 Till the war drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flag were furled  
 In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.  
 There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
 And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

Alfred Tennyson



To the light of the human, for a human eye could see,  
 Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that could be;  
 Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of golden sail,  
 Flote of the purple light, dropping broad and early sail;  
 Heft the heavens fill with sailing, and their trains a gleam of  
 From the western sky, hasting, propelling in the central blue;  
 For along the earth wide ranged the south-wind sailing came,  
 With the standards of the sea, the galleons of the summer-  
 Till the sea was reached no longer, and the battle flag was hoisted;  
 In the alignment of man, the pedestal of the world.  
 There the common sense of man shall notice: that is man,  
 And the kindly earth shall answer, I am the universal man.

Alfred Tennyson

She was binding the wounds of her enemies when they came--  
The lint in her hand unrolled.  
They battered the door with their rifle butts, crashed it in  
She faced them gentle and bold.

They haled her before the judges where they sat  
In their places, helmet on head.  
With questions and menace the judges assailed her,  
"Yes, I have broken your law", she said.

"I have tended the hurt and hidden the hunted, have done  
As a sister does to a brother,  
Because of a law that is greater than that you have made,  
Because I could do no other.

"Deal as you will with me. This is my choice to the end,  
To live in the life I vowed".

"She is self-confessed", they cried; "she is self-condemned".  
She shall die, that the rest may be cowed".

In the terrible hour of the dawn, when the veins are cold  
They led her forth to the wall.

"I have loved my land", she said, "but it is not enough:  
Love requires of me all.

I will empty my heart of the bitterness, hating none".  
And sweetness filled her brave  
With a vision of understanding beyond the hour  
That knelled to the waiting grave.

They bound her eyes, but she stood as if she shone.  
The rifles it was that shook



She was standing the rounds of her company when they came--

The line is not much worried.

They gathered the men with their rifles, pressed it in

She faced them gentle and bold.

They waited her before the judges' stand last night

In their places, silent on their

With questions now and then the judges recalled her.

"Yes, I have broken your law," she said.

"I have reached for help and hidden the hunted, have done

As a sister, done as a brother,

Because of a law that is greater than that you have made,

Because I could do no other.

"Deal -- you will with me. This is my choice for the end,

To live in the life I vowed."

"She is self-confessed," they cried; "she is self-condemned."

She said this, that the word may be proved.

In the terrible hour of the law, when the veins are cold

They had not torn to the well.

"I have loved my land," she said; "but this was enough:

Love requires of me all.

I will repay my debt of the bitterness, having none."

And sweetest killed her brave

It is a vision of understanding beyond the hour

That smiled to the waiting grave.

They found her, yes, but the story was not done.

The rifle is not the end.

When the hoarse command rang out. They could not endure  
That last that defenceless look.

And the officer strode and pistolled her surely, ashamed  
That men, seasoned in blood,  
Should quail at a woman, only woman,--  
As a flower stamped in the mud.

And now that the deed was securely done, in the night  
When none had known her fate,  
They answered those that had striven for her, day by day:  
"It is over, you come too late".

Only a woman, yet she had pity on them,  
The victim offered slain  
To the gods of fear that they worship. Leave them there  
Red hands, to clutch their gain.

She bewailed not herself, and we will not bewail her  
But with tears of pride rejoice  
That an English soul was found so crystal-clear  
To be triumphant voice

Of the human heart that dared venture all  
But live to itself untrue,  
And beyond all laws sees love as the light in the night,  
As the star it must answer to.

The hurts she healed, the thousand comforted---  
These make a fragrance of her fame.

But because she stepped to her star right on through death  
It is victory speaks her name.

Laurence Binyon



When the doctor came to see her, she could not believe  
that last that afternoon look.

And the officer who had been with her, she had  
that man, seemed in blood.

So she said to a woman, only women,--

As a flower staped in the mud.

And now that the day is so securely done, in the night

when none had known her fate,

They answered those that had given for her, day by day:

"It is over, you come too late."

Only a woman, yet she had pity on them,

The victim of red stain

To the gods of fear that they worship, leave them there

Red hands, to clutch their gain.

She bewailed not herself, and we will not bewail her

But with tears of pride rejoice

That an English soul was found so crystal-clear

To be triumphant voice

Of the human heart that dared venture all

But live to itself untrue,

And beyond all it sees love in the light in the night.

As she star it that answer to,

The heart that healed, the forehead comforted--

Those make a fragrance of her name.

But because she stood so true and right as through death

It is victory speaks her name.

Laurence Binyon

## East and West

In the bare mist of Anglesly they show  
 Two springs which close by one another play,  
 And, thirteen hundred years ago, they say,  
 Two saints met often where those waters flow.

One came from Penmon, westward, and a glow  
 Whitened his face from the sun's fronting ray.  
 Eastward the other, from the dying day:  
 And he with undimmed face did always go.  
 Seiriol the Bright, Kybi the Dark, men said.  
 The seer from the East was then in light,  
 The seer from the West was then in shade.

Ah, now 'tis changed. In conquering sunshine bright  
 The man of the bold West now comes arrayed;  
 He of the mystic East is touched with night.

Matthew Arnold



East and West

In the dark night of August 1st, 1914,  
Two villages which stood on the opposite shore,  
And, looking towards each other, they saw,  
Two lights which often were those of stars.

One came from Bremen, westward, and a glow  
Showered his face from the sea's fronting bay.

Eastward the other, from the dying day,  
And he with undimmed face and image lay.

Behold the bright, light the dark, men said.  
The east from the East was then in light,  
The west from the West was then in shade.

Ah, now the change! In connecting something bright  
The man of the boat had come away!  
He of the quiet East is touched with light.

Arthur Arnold

## III

## Idealism Creeds

"Man does not live by bread alone". The aspirations expressed by the poets of the people are as much a part of man's life as his modern bath room and streamline motor.

The power of an ideal over an individual or a race is not to be measured. Poetry is one of the forces which help to create the dominant ideals of society. It is everywhere recognized that man sees that which he is prepared to see and the poet whose eyes see the highest ideal in man and society and gives to that ideal a beautiful expression is doing much to transform the world. This poet will also be sensitive to all the lights and shades of an ever changing civilization.

If Arnold was right when he wrote that our urgent need now is "to lay in a stock of light for our difficulties"; if Vida Scudder is right in saying that "the race will never abandon an ideal once realized, but will raise all to its level"; then poetry must be recognized as an important factor contributing to social progress.

Let us look at a few of our modern American poets and their idealism creeds. Longfellow, often called the poet of the common people, expresses the ardor of the pure soul with an ambition that carries him even to death in "Excelsior". Poe, an entirely different type of man, still seeks his "Eldorado". Among the most inspiring creeds Holmes "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul" cries out for a finer, better life, where there is spiritual freedom. The wistfulness in the "Vanishers" is sure to appeal to some lonely wayfarer, just as the stirring call of Whitman appeals to the more robust nature. Ideals must be for all kinds and condition of men. The lowly carpenter in "The Builders" had his vision; but Grantland Rice must feel his approach to the great adventure even as Browning when he said:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,



THE POET

"The poet is not a man of letters," said Emerson. "He is a man of letters who has been so long in the world that he has learned to write as a man writes." The poet is not a man of letters who has been so long in the world that he has learned to write as a man writes.

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Never dreamed, though rights were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake".

Tennyson finds for his satisfaction,

"There lives more faith in honest doubt  
Believe me, than in half the creeds". And many years

later Francis Thompson found Christ as truly on the Thames as at Genesaret

"Man's inhumanity to makes countless thousands mourn" may be true  
but Kipling takes quite another slant and a very healthy creed it is for  
any man, "It is enough that through thy grace

I saw naught common on thy earth".

For all the vaunted scepticism of the first quarter of the Twentieth Century, there are innumerable examples of man's expression of not only the reach upward, but a substantial grasp. This thought Henley's "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul" most convincingly voices.

To return to Edgar Allen Poe, the biggest visioned man of his day in the United States, his creed was a queer one. Unstable in many things, down in the depths one day, the next riding the crest of the wave, he caught in his "El dorado" the vision of progress,--"Ride, boldly ride,--if you seek for Eldorado". Not the conquest but the chase.

Emerson, the philosopher, in his title "Forerunners" catches the same evanescent note, but glories in the effect it has on his spirit. In no other poem do we find so much of the Transcendentalist creed.

The last stanza of "The Chambered Nautilus" lifts the spirit to the heights. Holmes, who seldom soared, surely left the sordid earth this day.

The simple faith of Whittier is easy to understand but hard to experience in our complex world. Someway he seems like a hermit monk, who lived his life far away from the haunts of men. This was only in his relig-



Never dreamed, though, right when I was, right when I was

jump,

And we fell in line, and settled in right before,

Slack to sleep.

Thompson finds for his satisfaction.

"There lives more truth in honest doubt

Believe me, than in half the creeds." And many years

later found Thompson found Christ as truly as the Thomas as of Damascus

"Men's humanity to make countless thousands more" say he first

but keeping takes quite another view and a very healthy creed it is for

any man, 'tis enough that through thy creed

I see heaven common on thy earth."

For all the varied occupations of the 19th century of the people-

In Canada, there are innumerable examples of men's expression of not only

the word upward, but a substantial grasp. This thought Hegel's "I am the

master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul" most convincingly voices.

To return to Edgar Allan Poe, the greatest Victorian man of his

day in the United States, his creed was a master and. Unstable in many things

down in the depths one day, the next rising the crest of the wave, he sought

in his "El Dorado" the vision of progress, "Aldo, boldy ride,--if you re-

sk for Eldorado". Not the conventional the chase.

Emerson, the philosopher, in his little "Forsakeners" seeking

the same evanescent note, but glories in the effort as he in his spirit. In

no other poem do we find so much of the transcendentalist creed.

The last stanza of "The Chambered Melancholy" lifts the sp-

irit to the heights. Holmes, who seldom soared, surely left the world a

scar on this day.

The tragic faith of Whitman is easy to understand but hard

to experience in our complex world. Somehow he seems like a heroic man, who

lived his life far away from the humdrum of men. This was only in his relig-

in on for he was always a bold fighter in the marts of men when evil threatened. Reminiscent, he finds in his simple faith a simple answer to all his questions.

Virility raised to the nth power seems to be a part of Whitmans creed. The spirit of democracy sang so loudly in his soul that there was room for little else. His great faith in America and Americans seems like a trust he has placed on future generations. Dare we disappoint one who expected so much of us?

It is a simple faith that what we give we get and yet one of our best modern poets and thinkers has said just this. Edwin Markham

Tennyson who seems so sure the greater part of the time had his doubts as well as his faith. Perhaps his "Crossing the Bar" will best satisfy our souls.

"I hope to see my pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar".

Omar Khayyam, the pagan poet, shows the remorselessness of fate, the irrevocableness of time and Arthur Symonds centuries later echoes a warning note in his "Credo". "Life once lived shall not return again". A sublime faith rings in the closing lines:

"If there is any knocking at the gate

Which is the gate of death, the gate of birth".

The philosophy of love has been expressed in a thousand ways Wilfrid Scawen Blunt chooses to put in this simple fashion:

"He blindly loved what God had given

And love some say has conquered heaven".

Bluntly chosen and roughly put is Guthrie's aim: but it is no doubt a common fellow expression for a very fine kind of living. It begs for no eulogy but a simple truth that the most primitive can comprehend. And after all that is life..



I am for the new always a bold fighter in the ranks of the new world

thundered. Remembrance, no doubt in his single faith a single answer

to all his questions.

Vividly raised to the air power seems to be a part of

Whitman's creed. The spirit of democracy sang in his heart like

there was room for little else. His great faith in America and Americans

seems like a flame he has placed on future generations. But we know

of one who expected no more of us.

It is a single faith that when we give us God and get one

of our best modern poets and thinkers had said this. Edwin Markham

Tennyson who seems to utter the greatest cry of the time

had his double as well as his faith. Perhaps his "Crossing the Bar" will

best explain our faith.

"I hope to see my little face to face

When I have crossed the bar."

Our hymns, our prayers, our songs, these are the remembrance

of a faith, the first confession, the first prayer, the first

echoes a warning note in his "Crossing the Bar" which was lived and is not

again. A single faith rings in the closing lines:

"It there is any knocking at the gate

Which is the gate of death, the gate of life?"

The philosophy of love has been expressed in a language of

William Wordsworth himself chosen to set in this single sentence:

"We silently loved each other and had given

And love was all that was between us."

Single chosen and single, but in Wordsworth's eyes, it is

found a common fellow expression for a very fine kind of living. It says

for us only and a single faith that the most faithful can comprehend.

And after all that is life.

## Excelsior

The shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through an Alpine village passed  
 A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,  
 A banner with this strange device,

Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,  
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
 And like a silver clarion rung  
 The accents of that unknown tongue,

Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
 And from his lips escaped a groan,

Excelsior.!

"Try not the Pass", the old man said;  
 "Dark lowers the tempest over head,  
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide",  
 And loud that clarion voice replied,

Excelsior!

"Oh stay", the maiden said", and rest  
 Thy weary head upon this breast",  
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
 But still he answered, with a sigh,

Excelsior!

"Beware the pine trees withered branch,



The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A group, who bore, and knew not how,  
A banner with this strange device,

Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falcon from the eagle,  
And his a silver clasp hung  
The red and gold of his unknown tongue,

Excelsior!

In happy hours he saw the light  
Of household fires glow warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glimmers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,

Excelsior!

"Tis not the Pass," the old man said;  
"Dark towers the fanged snows head,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wild,"  
And loud that warning voice replied,

Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the old man said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast."  
A tear stood in the bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, wild and free,

Excelsior!

There shone the light of his departed spirit,

Beware the awful avalanche",  
 This was the presents last Good-night,  
 A voice replied, far up the hight,  
 Excelsior.!

At break of day, as heavenward  
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
 Uttered the oft repeated prayer,  
 A voice cried through the startled air,  
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
 Half buried in the snow was found,  
 Still grasping in his hand of ice  
 That banner with the strange device,  
 Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
 And from the sky, serene and fair,  
 A voice fell, like a falling star,  
 Excelsior!

Henry Longfellow



Hearts the awful avalanche,  
This was the year's last Good-night,  
A voice replied, far as the night,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The glow words of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Held barred in the snow we found,  
Still he grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
In silence, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and fair,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

Henry Longfellow

## Eldorado

Gayly bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old--  
This knight so bold--  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That look d like Eldorado.

And, as his strength  
Failed him at length,  
He met a pilgrim shadow--  
"Shadow", said he,  
"Where can it be---  
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains  
Of the moon,  
Down the valley of the shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride",  
The shade replied,--  
"If you seek for Eldorado".

Edgar Allen Poe



Early morning,  
A faint light,  
In summer and in shadow,  
That journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In season of Elbereth.

But he grew old--  
This might be told--  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That look'd like Elbereth.

And, as his strength  
Faded him of length,  
He met a little shadow--  
"Shadow", said he,  
"Where can it be--"  
This land of Elbereth?

"Over the mountains  
Of the moon,  
Down the valley of the shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,"  
The shade replied,--  
"If you seek for Elbereth."

Long I followed happy guides,  
I could never reach their sides;  
Their step is forth, and, ere the day  
Breaks up their leaguer and away.  
Keen my sense, my heart was young,  
Right good will my sinews strung,  
But no speed of mine avails  
To hunt upon their shining trails.  
On and away, their hasting feet  
Make the morning proud and sweet;  
Flowers they strew, -- I catch the scent;  
Of tone of silver instrument  
Leaves on the wind melodious trace;  
Yet I could never see their face.  
On eastern hills I see their smokes,  
Mixed with mist by distant lochs.  
I met many travellers  
Who the road had surely kept;  
They saw not my fine revellers,--  
These had crossed them while they slept.  
Some had heard their fair report,  
In the country or the court,  
Fleetest couriers alive  
Never yet could once arrive,  
As they went or they returned,  
At the house where these sojourned.  
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,  
Though they are not overtaken;  
In sleep their jubilant troop is near, --  
I tuneful voices overhear;



Long I followed happy fables,  
 I could never reach their sides;  
 Their step is forth, and, on the day  
 Breaks up their lesser and away.  
 Keen as senses, my heart was young,  
 Right good will my senses strong.  
 But no speed of mine avail'd  
 To hunt upon their shining trails.  
 On and away, their hasting feet  
 Make me morning proud and sweet;  
 I own they stay, -- I catch the scent;  
 Of tone of silver instrument  
 Leaves on the wind melodious trace;  
 Yet I could never see their face.  
 On eastern hills I see their smoke,  
 Mixed with mist by distant looks.  
 I met many travellers  
 Who the road had surely kept;  
 They saw not my true travellers, --  
 These had crossed the wide they kept.  
 Some had heard their fair report,  
 In the country of the court.  
 Finest couriers alive  
 Never yet could once arrive,  
 As they went or they returned,  
 At the house where these sojourn'd.  
 Sometimes their strong speed they liken,  
 Though they are not overtaken;  
 In sleep their fainter troop is near, --  
 I find their voices overheard;

It may be in wood or waste,--

At unawares 'tis come and past.

By signs gracious as rainbows.

I thenceforward and long after,

Listen for their harp like laughter

And carry in my heart, for days,

Peace that hallows rudest ways.

Ralph Waldo Emerson



It may be in some of these--

At unwarmed 'tis come and past.

By signs 'tis shewn as rainbows.

I thenceforward and long after,

listened for their reap like laughter

And sorry in my heart, for days.

Peace that halloes rudest days.

Walter de la Mare

## The Chambered Nautilus

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main, --  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer winds its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.  
  
Its webs of living gauze no more unfurled ;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl,  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming light was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed, --  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.  
Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still as the spiral grew,  
He left the past years dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step the shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last found home and knew the old no more.  
  
Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap forlorn,  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn.  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:



This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
 Sails the untracked main, --  
 The venturous bark that flings  
 On the sweet summer winds the purple wings  
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,  
 And coral reefs lie bare,  
 Where the cold sea-birds rise to see their streaming hair.  
 Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl;  
 And every chambered cell,  
 Where its dim gleaming light was wont to dwell,  
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
 Before thee lies revealed, --  
 The first and ceiling rent, the sunless crypt unsealed.  
 Year after year behind the silent toll  
 That records his hasty fall;  
 Still as the spiral grows,  
 He left the past years dwelling for the new,  
 Stole like soft steps the shining archway through,  
 Built up the idle door,  
 Stretched in his last found home and knew the old no more.  
 Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
 O shell of the wondering sea,  
 Great from her lair forlorn,  
 Pro me thy dead like a clearer note is born  
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn.  
 While on mine ear it rings,  
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll.

Leave thy low-vaulted past,

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

Oliver Wendell Holmes



Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll!  
 Leave thy low-voiced past,  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

## The Vanishers

Sweetest of all child like dreams  
In the simple Indian lore  
Still to me the legend seems  
Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,  
Never reached or found at rest,  
Baffling search, but beckoning on  
To the sunset of the blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,  
Through the dark of lowland firs,  
Flash the eye and flow the locks  
Of the mystic vanishers.

And the fisher in his skiff,  
And the hunter on the moss,  
Hear their call from cape and cliff,  
See their hands the birch leaf toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green  
Twilight of the clustered pines,  
In their faces rarely seen  
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow  
On the slopes of westerning knolls;  
In the wind they whisper low  
Of the Sunset land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine,  
Thou and I have seen them too;



Swiftest of all birds like swans

In the eagle's Indian lore

Still to be the legend runs

Of the swiftest who flew before

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,

Never reached or found at rest,

Settling never, but descending on

To the names of the dead.

From the cliffs of mountain rocks,

Through the dark of island firs,

Flash the eyes and flow the locks

Of the swift wanderers.

And the fisher in his net,

And the hunter on the chase,

Heed their call from cave and cliff,

See their hands the birds best test.

Swiftly, lightly, through the grass

Twilight of the clovered vines,

In their faces, rarely seen

Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow

On the slopes of western hills;

In the wind they whisper low

Of the summer land of souls.

Be not who say, O friend of mine,

That and I have seen this face;

On before with beck and sign

Still they glide and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail

In the gold of setting day;

More than gleams of wing and sail

Beckon from the seamist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,

Gleams and glories seen and flown,

Far heard voices sweet with truth,

Airs from viewless Eden blown;

Beauty that eludes our grasp,

Sweetness that transcends our taste,

Loving hands we may not clasp ,

Shining feet that mock our haste;

Gentle eyes we closed below,

Tender voices heard once more,

Smile and call us as they go

On and onward , still before.

Guided thus , O friend of mine,

Let us walk our little way,

Knowing by each beckoning sign

That we are not quite astray.

Sought and seeker soon shall meet,

Lost and found, in Sunset Land.

John Greenleaf Whittier



ADIR

AC/

## Pioneers, O Pioneers

Come my tan-faced children,  
 Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,  
 Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

For we cannot tarry here,  
 We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,  
 We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

O you youths, Western youths,  
 So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship  
 Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Have the elder races halted?  
 Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?  
 We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

We detachments steady throwing,  
 Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountain steep,  
 Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

We primeval forests felling,  
 We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,  
 We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving

Pioneers, O Pioneers.



Pioneers, O Pioneers

Come my landless children,

Follow me in order, get your weapons ready,

Have your pistols? Have you your sharp-edged axes?

Pioneers, O Pioneers,

For we cannot tarry here,

We must march, by daylight, we must bear the brunt of danger,

We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,

Pioneers, O Pioneers,

O you youths, Western youths,

So impatient, full of action, full of early pride and friendship

Plum I see you Western youths, see you striding with the foremost,

Pioneers, O Pioneers,

Have the elder races failed?

Do they droop and wait their lesson, varied over these deserts and seas?

We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the quest,

Pioneers, O Pioneers,

We have the elder races' failing,

Down the ages, through the present, up the mountain steep,

Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, we go the unknown ways,

Pioneers, O Pioneers,

We pioneer for the falling,

We the river flowing, vexing as and quivering near the water's brink,

We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil unseeing

Pioneers, O Pioneers,

Colorado men are we,

From the peaks gigantic, from the great Sierras and the high plateaus

From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,

Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood  
interveined,

All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the North

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Not for delectations sweet,

Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,

Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?

Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they locked and bolted doors?

Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Has the night descended?

Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged nodding on  
on our way?

Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Till with sound of trumpet,

Far, far off the daybreak call--hark, how loud and clear I hear  
it wind,

Swift to the head of the army,--swift spring to your places,

Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Walt Whitman



Colorado was born.

From the peaks, gigantic, from the Great Bluffs and the high places  
From the mine and from the Gulf, from the hunting trail we come,  
Pioneers, O Pioneers.

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,  
Central inland road at us, from Missouri, with the continental dip  
Interval, O,  
All the hands of compasses are pointing, all the Southern, all the North  
Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Not for delirious sweet,  
Not the cushion and the pillow, not the peaceful and the staid,  
Not the riches and the selling, not for us the same enjoyment,  
Pioneers, O Pioneers.

To the forests, the mountains, the  
To the coral and the sea, have they faded and the forest  
Still be ours the first hand, and the blanket on the ground,  
Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Has the night descended?  
See the road of fate so full of light? Did we stop discouraged nothing  
on our way?  
For a passing hour I yield you in your power to move nations,  
Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Still with sound of trumpet,  
Far, far off the daybreak call--hark, how loud and clear I hear  
it wind,  
Still to the head of the army--will spring to your places,  
Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Smoothing a cypress beam  
With a scarred hand,  
I saw a carpenter  
In a far land.

Down past the flat roof  
Poured the white sun:  
But still he bent his back,  
The patient one.

And I paused surprised  
In that queer place  
To find an old man  
With a haunting face.

"Who art thou, carpenter,  
Of the bowed head;  
And what bulidest thou?"  
"Heaven", he said.

Willard Wattles



Reaching a higher peak

With a secret hand,

I see a carpenter

In a far land.

Down past the tier roof

I caught the white hand;

But still he bent his back,

The patient one.

And I passed surprised

In that queer place

To find an old man

With a haunting face.

"Who art thou, carpenter,

Of the house here?

And what belidest thou?"

"Heaven," he said.

William Wetters

# A Creed

(To Mr. David Lubin)

There is a destiny that makes us brothers:

None goes his way alone:

All that we send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,

One thing holds firm and fast--

That into his fateful heap of days and deeds

The soul of man is cast.

Edwin Markham



A Cross

(To Mr. David Lakin)

There is a feeling that makes me shudder:

None goes his way alone:

All that we need are the lives of others

Come back into our lives.

I cannot wait for the day of the cross.

One thing holds firm and true:

That into his faithful hands of days and years

The soul of man is cast.

Edwin Markham

## Doubt and Faith

You say, but with no touch of scorn,  
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light blue eyes  
Are tender over drowning flies,  
You tell me, Doubt is Devil-born.

I know not; one indeed I knew  
In many a subtle question versed,  
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.  
There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;  
And Power was with him in the night,  
Which makes the darkness and the light,  
And dwells not in the light alone.

But in the darkness and the cloud,  
As over Sinai's peaks of old,  
While Israel made their gods of gold,  
Although the trumpet blew so loud.

Alfred Tennyson



## Doubt and Faith

You say, but with no sense of reason,  
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light blue eyes  
Are tender over Browning's lines,  
You tell me, Doubt is Devil-born.

I know not; one indeed I knew  
In many a public question raised,  
And launched a jarring cry at first,  
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplexed in faith, but sure in deeds,  
At last he beat his rivals out.  
There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.  
He taught his doubts and gathered strength;  
He could not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the specter of his mind  
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;  
And Power was with him in the night,  
Which makes the darkness and the light,  
And dwells not in the light alone.

But in the darkness and the cloud,  
As over Sinai's peaks of old,  
While Israel made their gods of gold,  
Alone upon the craggier brow he stood.

Oh World invisible , we view thee,

Oh World intangible , we touch thee,

Oh World unknowable, we know thee,

Inapprehensible, we clutch thee.

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,

The eagle plunge to find the air--

That we ask of the stars in motion

If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,

And our benumbed conceiving soars, --

The drift of pinions, would we harken,

Beats at our own clay shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;--

Turn but a stone and start a wing,

'Tis ye , 'tis your estranged faces,

That miss the many splendored thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)

Cry,-- and upon thy so sore loss

Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder

Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my soul, my daughter,

Cry,--clinging heaven by the hems;

And lo, Christ walking on the waters,

Not of Genesareth, but Thames.



The light of God  
(In the strange land)

On earth invisible, we view thee,  
On earth invisible, we touch thee,  
On earth unknown, we know thee,  
Incomprehensible, we clutch thee.

Loose the fish rose to find the ocean,  
The eagle wings to find the air--  
That we seek of the stars in motion  
If they have turned of these spheres!

Not where the wheeling system darkens,  
And our puny hands conceiving stars, --  
The drift of millions, would we mark them,  
Beats at our own clay-shut doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;--  
Turn not a stone and start a ring,  
'Tis ye, 'tis ye, your strange faces,  
That miss the many splendored thing.

But (when we read that cannot read)

City,-- and upon the sea rose towers  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross.

Yes, in the night, my soul, my daughter,

City,-- clinging heaven by the nose;  
And lo, Christ walking on the waters,

Not of Genesis, but Thine.

## Ep ilogue: Credo

Each, in himself, his hour to be and cease  
Endures alone, but who of men shall dare,  
Sole, with himself, his single burden bear,  
All the long day until the night's release?  
Yet ere night falls, and the last shadows close,  
This labor of himself is each man's lot;  
All he has gained of earth shall be forgot,  
Himself he leaves behind him when he goes.  
If he has any valiancy within,  
If he has made his life his very own,  
If he has loved or labored, and has known  
A strenuous virtue, or a strenuous sin;  
Then, being dead, his life was not all vain,  
For he has saved what most desire to lose,  
And he has chosen what the few must choose,  
Since life, once lived, shall not return again.  
For of our time we lose so large a part  
In serious trifles, and so oft let slip  
The wine of every moment, at the lip  
Its moment, and the moment of the heart.  
We are awake so little on the earth,  
And we shall sleep so long, and rise so late,  
If there is any knocking at that gate  
Which is the gate of death, the gate of birth.

Arthur Symons



Each, in himself, has heart to be and care  
 -Griefs alone, but we of men shall share  
 Grief, with himself, the single burden bear,  
 All the long day, until the night's release  
 For one night's sleep, and the next morning's dawn,  
 This labor of himself is each man's lot;  
 All he has gained of earth's shall be forgot,  
 Himself he leaves behind him when he goes.  
 If he has any valiance left him,  
 If he has made his life his very own,  
 If he has loved or labored, and he knows  
 A strenuous virtue, or a strenuous sin;  
 Then, being dead, his life was not all vain,  
 For he has saved that most desirable food,  
 And he has chosen what he has most chosen,  
 Since life, once lived, shall not return again.  
 For of all that he has lost he gains a part  
 In service trifling, and so oft let slip  
 The time of every moment, at the lip  
 Of moment, and the moment of the heart,  
 He has saved so little on the earth,  
 And he shall sleep so long, and rise so late,  
 If there is any knocking at that gate  
 Which is the gate of death, the gate of birth.

L'ENVOI  
(From Life's Handicap)

My new cut ashlar takes the light  
Where crimson blank the windows flare;  
By my own work, before the night,  
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought,  
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;  
Where I have failed to meet thy thought  
I know, through thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to thee denied  
Stands all eternity's defense,  
Of that I did with thee to guide  
To Thee, through Thee, be Excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,  
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,  
God like to muse o'er his own trade  
And manlike stand with God again.

The depths and dream of my desire,  
The bitter paths wherein I stray,  
Thou knowest Who has made the fire,  
Thou knowest Who has made the Clay.

One stone the more swings to her place  
In that dread Temple of thy worth--  
It is enough that through thy grace  
I saw not common on thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;



My new and better name is John  
There crimson blank the window pane;  
By my own work, before the night,  
Goes Overcast, I make my prayer.  
If there be good in that I wrought,  
The hand compelled it, Master, I know;  
Where I have failed to bear my burden  
I know, through that, the blame is mine.

One instant's fall to thee denied  
Stands all eternally a defense,  
Of that I bid thee to guide  
To thee, through thee, be Excellence.

Who, least all thought of Eden fade,  
Bring, as Eden to the overman, a grain,  
Get like to mine over his own trade  
And canst thou stand with God again.

The height and green of my desire,  
The bitter gain wherein I stray,  
Thou knowest: who has made the fire,  
Thou knowest: who has made the clay.

One alone can more wings to her place  
In that great temple of thy world--  
It is enough that through thy grace  
I am not common to thy world.

Take not that vision from my hand;

Oh whatsoever may spoil or speed,

Help me to need no aid from men

That I may help such men as need.

That what has been was good--was good to men,

Better to hide, and best of all to see, Rudyard Kipling

We are the masters of the days that were

We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered--even so.

Shall we not take the old and had in flow?

O life was for friends, one, if it be our foe--

Dear though it spoil and break us--used us true?

What is to come?

Not the great winds their worst and wildest blow,

Or the cold weather round us hollow blow;

We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare

And we can conquer, though we may not share

In the rich quiet of the afterglow

What is to come?



On whatever day you will or need,  
Help me to need no aid from man  
That I may help such men as need.

Robert Nigling

# What Is To Come

What is to come we know not. But we know  
 That what has been was good--was good to show,  
 Better to hide, and best of all to bear.  
 We are the masters of the days that were;  
 We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered---even so.  
 Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?  
 Life was our friend, now, if it be our foe--  
 Dear though it spoil and break us --need we care?

## What is to Come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,  
 Or the gold weather round us mellow slow;  
 We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare  
 And we can conquer, though we may not share  
 In the rich quiet of the afterglow

## What is to Come?

The stars are shining in the sky,  
 One page written from life's book,  
 Few words. None ever more to say.  
 Yet was the life thus fully given.  
 He blindly loved what God had given.  
 And love, that was, he conquered heaven.

Wilfrid Deane Hunt



What is to Come?

That is to come we know not. But we know

That what has been was good--was good to know,

Better to hide, and best of all to hear.

We are the masters of the days that were;

We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered--even so.

Shall we not take the end and the flow?

I live my friends, now, if it be our fate--

Dear though it be, and break us--need we care?

What is to Come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,

Or the cold weather round us mellow blow;

We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare

And we can conquer, though we may not share

In the rich quiet of the afterglow

What is to Come?

## The Stricken Hart

The stricken hart had fled the brake,  
His courage spent for life's dear sake.  
He came to die beside the lake.

The golden trout leaped up to view,  
The moor-fowl clapped his wings and flew,  
The swallow brushed him as she flew.

He looked upon the glorious sun,  
His blood dropped slowly on the stone,  
He loved the life so nearly won,

And then he died. The ravens found  
A carcase couched upon the ground,  
They said there go d had dealt the wound.

The eternal father calmly shook  
One page untitled from Life's book,  
Few words. None ever cared to look.

Yet woe for life thus idly riven.  
He blindly loved what God had given,  
And love, some say, ha conquered heaven.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt



The Stricken Hart

The stricken hart had fled the brake,  
His courage spent for life's last race.  
He came to the bedside the late.

The golden crown heaped up to view,  
The man-toed slipped his wings and flew,  
The feather brushed him as she flew.

He looked upon the glorious sun,  
His blood dropped slowly on the stone,  
He loved the life as nearly won.

And then he died. The ravens found  
A carcass coughed upon the ground,  
They said there he had seen the sound.

The eternal light came softly down,  
One gaze unfilled from life's own  
Ray words. None ever cared to look.

Yet now the life runs lightly given,  
He blindly loved and God had given,  
And love, now soft, no longer heaven.

Walter Somers Elms

## The Last o f All

Whether it's Heaven--or whether it's Hell,  
Or whether it's merely sleep;  
Or whether it's something in between  
Where ghosts of the half-gods creep;  
Since it comes at once-- and it comes to all--  
On the one, fixed, certain date--  
Why drink of the drega till the Cup arrives  
On the gray day set by Fate?

The coward looks to the gray beyond  
And his heart grows white with fear;  
The dark is deep that he may not see  
As the end of the game draws near;  
But the valiant turns to another road  
That leads to the outbound gates,  
Where each drab soul of the realm must fare  
And the great Adventure waits.

One by one till the line is passed--  
The gutter-born and the crown;  
So wht is a day or a year or two  
Since the answer's written down?  
What is a day to a million years  
When the last winds sound the call?  
So here's to the days that rest between---  
And here's to the last of all.

Grantland Rice



The Last of All

Whether it's Heaven--or whether it's Hell,

Or whether it's merely sleep;

Or whether it's something in between

These ghosts of the half-gods creep;

Since it comes at once--and it comes to all--

On the one, fixed, certain date--

Why drink of the dregs till the Cup arrives

On the gray day set by Fate?

The coward looks to the gray beyond

And his heart grows white with fear;

The darts is deep that he may not see

As the end of the game draws near;

But the valiant turns to another road

That leads to the outboard gate,

Where each drop soul of the realm must fare

And the Great Adventure waits.

One by one till the line is passed--

The gutter-born and the crown;

So what is a day or a year or two

Since the answer's written down?

That is a day to a million years

When the last winds sound the call?

So here's to the days that rest between--

And here's to the last of all.

Orlando Price

"He Done His Damdest"

I ask that when my spirit quits this shell of mortal clay  
 And o'er the trail across the range pursues its silent way  
 That no imposing marble shaft may mark the spot where reast  
 The tailings of the bard who sang the praises of the West.  
 But, that above them may be placed a slab of white or gray,  
 And on it but the epitaph carved in the earlier day.  
 Upon the headboard of a man who did the best he could  
 To have the bad deeds of his life o'ershadowed by the good:

"He Done His Damdest".

Engrave upon the polished face of that plain simple stone  
 No t nicel y worded sentiment intended to condone  
 The sins of an eventful life, no r say the virtue wiped  
 Away the stains of vice--in lines original or swiped;  
 That rough but honest sentiment that stood above the head  
 Of one who wore his boots into his final earthly bed  
 Is good enough for me to have above my mould'ring clay--  
 J ust give the name and day I quit and underneath it say:

"He Done His Damdest".

Some who are overstocked with pho ny piety may raise  
 Their hands in blank amazement at the sentiment and gaze  
 Upon the simple marble slab'neath which the sleeper lies,  
 With six or seven different kinds of horror in their eyes;  
 But hardy sons and daughters of this brave and rugged West  
 Will see a tribute in the line so pointedly expressed---  
 And what more earnest tribute could be paid to any m an  
 Whose weary feet have hit the trail towards the Mystery, than:

"He Done His Damdest".



I see that when my spirit takes this shell of mortal clay  
And o'er the trail across the range across the silent way  
That no lingering marble shell may mark the spot where rest  
The tailings of the dead who sang the praises of the West.  
But, that above them may be placed a clasp of white or grey,  
And on it but the epitaph carved in the earlier day.  
Upon the forehead of a man who did the best he could  
To have the best deeds of his life's work shadowed by the good;

"He Done His Dandest"

Engrave upon the polished face of that plain simple stone  
No eulogy words sentiment intended to console  
The aim of an earthly life, no eulogy the virtue signed  
Away the stains of vice--in lines original or copied;  
That rough but honest sentiment that stood above the best  
Of one who wore his boots into his final earthly bed  
Is good enough for me to have above my mould'ring clay--  
I will give the name and day I quit and underneath it say:

"He Done His Dandest"

Some who are overstocked with the gift of poetry may raise  
Their hands in blank amazement at the sentiment and gaze  
Upon the simple marble slab which the elegiac lines  
With aid of seven different kinds of horror in their eyes;  
But hardly sons and daughters of this brave and rugged West  
Will see a tribute in the line so pointedly expressed--  
And what more earnest tribute could be paid to any man  
Whose weary feet have lit the trail towards the Mystery, than:

"He Done His Dandest"

# Out Of The Night That Covers Me

Out of the night that covers me,  
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
 I thank whatever godsmay be  
 For my unconquerable soul .

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
 I have not winced or cried aloud.  
 Under the bludgeonings of chance  
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
 And yet the menace of the years  
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,  
 How charged with punishment the scroll,  
 I am the master of my fate :  
 I am the captain of my soul .

William Ernest Henley



THE  
FUND  
OF  
ADVANCE



## IV

## The Family as a Social Unit

Lippman calls the family one of the lost provinces of the church and some of the other social experts felt it is not only lost by the church but lost for all time as an institution. At the cost of being called Victorian, and to the present generation that seems to be a most scathing criticism, the writer still insists that the family is a very real institution, even in the present century. To go into detail concerning the mutations through which the family has passed in its varied career is unnecessary in a study of this type. Perhaps Dealy's conception of the home and family is ~~as helpful~~ as helpful for our task as any. "The family with its members should be in truth an economic band, a body politic, a nursery for religious aspirations, a school for the broader life of the world and a home for cooperative activity",

The family contains three distinct centers of interest: economic, sex, and potential parenthood. In the early days the economic question kept parents and children busily employed. After the Industrial Revolution, people began to have more leisure time and more money. This was bound to bring about a change in the home. By many this is greatly deplored ; but does it necessarily mean decadence? Why the cry, if the school , the social institutions, such as the boy scouts and campfire girls, do take the place of the training in the home, as long as they do a good job? The sex question seems to have flared into the spotlight in the last few years with the new knowledge psychology has brought ; but the world is no more sex crazy than it ever was. House cleaning is always a disagreeable process but the results are satisfactory. Prof. Ernest Groves in his book "The Marriage Question" sees in divorce and birth control a finer type of family emerging. Economic conditions used to compel families to stick together no matter how great the unhappiness; today when men and women are both generally self supporting the higher tie of affection holds the family. Every married couple is a potential parent. The





protection of the children is the hog job. In spite of the wild schemes of having the state rear the children, there seems little real danger. The very modern play "Little Accident" brings out the strength of paternal love and while you laugh at the funny situations your heart aches for the boy, trying to rescue his baby from the clutches of a charitable institution. Warwick Deeping in his novels "Sorrell and Son" and in "Old Pybus" has hit on the same problem.

Rather startling do some of the older generation find the sophistication of the young people today, but let us not forget that sophistication in so far as it denotes clearness of grasp and openness of vision proves an advantage even in matrimonial experience. The necessity of establishing a responsible association of male and female has come as spontaneously and as universally as the creation of government or development of some kind of moral code.

John Masfield's tribute to his mother includes all women and brings a realization to those who are not inclined to think deeply, of the debt man owes to woman. Jean Starr Untermeyer strikes out at another angle in "Autumn" and brings back pioneer days when so much of the work was done in the home under the direct supervision of the mother, "high priestess of her home. In her "Sinfonia Domestica" it is a grave question whether love can stand the familiarity of daily living. And yet we must not be sceptical for love, rightly conceived, surmounts all things.

The wanderlust in "Roofs" never allows one to forget that the open road leads to home. Joyce Kilmer's beautiful spiritual nature shines through the last lines. His mind flashed toward the eternal life toward which his gay young spirit was soon to go. "Work", Angela Morgan's song of triumph is most satisfying. The accomplishment of desire, the thing which forces the mind from too deep self-analysis is God's greatest gift to man. For those who know and love New England "Birches" paints a picture of rural life and presents a philosophy akin to the sternness of its mountains and rock-bound





coasts. Robert Frost demonstrates most clearly that the home is the nursery of the fundamental ideals and virtues and so becomes the dynamic agency in moulding the unfolding personality.

Through all the corners of home there  
Her beauty ran by common earth,  
I caught her, her breathe, her hair  
But through the drain of love of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave  
She cannot see the life we gave.  
For all her love, we cannot tell  
Whether I owe it ill or well,  
So I made at duty door to find  
Her beauty dusty in the wind.

If the graves gates would be unbarred,  
She would see and know her little son,  
I am so proud. If we should meet,  
She would pass by me on the street,  
Unless my soul's feet led her son  
To some of that old life for me.

That love I have to keep in mind  
My heart is over and overmind?  
That woman's happier life enjoys  
Her son I see within of watched heart  
For all my childhood days I thought  
Her heart's pulsing had not ceased

That love I have, or tried, or told  
In thanks to that dear woman dead?  
Whether my heart's still,



...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...

To His Mother, C. L. M.

In the dark womb where I began  
My mother's life made me a man.  
Through all the months of human birth  
Her beauty fed my common earth,  
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir  
But through the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave  
She cannot see the life she gave.  
For all her love, she cannot tell  
Whether I use it ill or well,  
Nor knock at dusty doors to find  
Her beauty dusty in the mind.

If the graves gates would be undone,  
She would not know her little son,  
I am so grown. If we should meet,  
She would pass by me on the street,  
Unless my soul's face let her see  
My sense of what she did for me.

What have I done to keep in mind  
My debt to her and womankind?  
What woman's happier life repays  
Her for those months of wretched days?  
For all my mouthless body leech'd  
Ere Birth releasing hell was reached?

What have I done, or tried, or said  
In thanks to that dear woman dead?  
Mentriumph over women still,



To His Mother, G. L. H.

In the dark where I began  
My mother's life made me a man  
Through all the months of human birth  
Her beauty fed my common earth  
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir  
But through the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave  
She cannot see the life she gave.  
For all her love, she cannot tell  
Whether I am as ill or well.  
No yin-yang at dusty doors to find  
Her beauty dusty in the mind.

If the graves gates would be undone,  
She would not know her little son,  
I am a grown man, I should meet,  
She would pass by me on the street,  
Unless my soul's face let her see  
My name of man and all for me.

That have I done to keep in mind  
My debt to her and womanhood?  
What woman's happier life may be  
Her for a few minutes of wretched days?  
For all my mother's body lesson'd  
Her birth releasing hell was reached!

What have I done, or tried, or said  
In thanks to her that woman dead?  
Remembering over again still,

Men trample women's rights at will,  
 And men's lust roves the world untamed,

\*\*\*\*\*

O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed.

John Masefield

Of autumn days being and busy;

Charged with busy machines;

And you stirred with solvity,

The spirit of those energetic days.

There was our backyard,

So plain and striped of green,

With even the weeds carefully pulled away

From the crooked red bricks that made the walk,

And the earth on either side so black.

Autumn and dead leaves burning in the air

And winter comforts coming in like pageants.

I shall not forget them--

Great jars laden with the red green of pickles.

Standing in a column row across the back of the porch,

Exhaling the pungent still;

And in the very center of the yard,

He is, tending the great washtub bottle of gleaming copper,

Where hot red tomatoes bobbed up and down

Like jolly winks in a drunken dance.

And there were black barrels of cabbage that came by the wagon-I had

Seen to be cut into delicate ribbons

Only to be crushed by the heavy wooden stompers.

And finally whiteness to come to front.

And after, there were grapes that hid their brightness under a grey



the struggle for the right to life,  
and man's last hope for the world's future.

\*\*\*\*\*

O grave, keep him that I be shamed.

John Keats

## Autum n

## To my Mother

How memory cuts away the years,  
And how clean the picture comes  
Of autumn days brisk and busy;  
Charged with keen sunshine.  
And you stirred with activity,  
The spirit of those energetic days.  
There was our backyard,  
So plain and stripped of green,  
With even the weeds carefully pulled away  
From the crooked red bricks that made the walk,  
And the earth on either side so black.  
Autumn and dead leaves burning on the air  
And winter comforts coming in like pageants.  
I shall not forget them:--  
Gret jars laden with the raw green of pickles,  
Standing in a solemn row across the back of the porch,  
Exhaling the pungent dill;  
And in the very center of the yard,  
You, tending the great catsup kettle of gleaming copper,  
Where fat red tomatoes bobbed up and down  
Like jolly monks in a drunken dance.  
And there were bland banks of cabbages that came by the wagon-load;  
Soon to be cut into delicate ribbons  
Only to be crushed by the heavy wooden stompers.  
Such feathery whiteness to come to kraut.  
And after, there were grapes that hid their brightness under a gray  
dust,



No memory of the way the years

And now when the picture comes

Of autumn days bright and blue

Charged with such sunshine

And you stirred with reality

The spirit of those enchanted days

There was our backyard

So green and bright of green

With even the weeds carefully pulled away

From the crooked red bricks that made the wall

And the garden on either side so black

Autumn and dead leaves burning in the air

And winter comfort coming in like garments

I shall not forget them--

Just here I was with the first green of spring

Standing in a hollow tree across the back of the garden

Watching the current drift

And in the very center of the yard

To a, watching the great empty fields of flowering clover

Where the red tomatoes bobbed up and down

Like jolly men in a summer dance

And there were blank pages of copy that came by the wagon-load

Soon to be put into delicate ribbon

Only to be changed by the heavy wooden stamp

Such memory whitens to now to think

And after, there were pages that told their brightness under a grey

Then gushed thrilling, purple blood over the fire;

And enamelled crab-apples that tricked with their fragrance

But were bitter to taste.

And there were spicy plums and ill shaped quinces,

And long string beans floating in pans of clear water

Like slim green fishes.

And there was fish itself,

Salted, silver herring from the city-----

And you moved among these mysteries,

Absorbed and smiling and sure;

Stirring , tasting, and measuring,

With the precision of a ritual.

I like to think of you in your years of power--

You, now so shaken and so powerless---

High Priestess of your home.

J ean Starr Untermeyer



These people, thinking that the first was the best

And unsmilingly, and a last friend with their friends

But were sister to sister.

And there were noisy games and all these games,

And long, long games, playing in some of other water

Like all these games.

And there was this itself,

Beloved, sister, sister from the city---

And you moved among these people,

And there was nothing and nothing

Nothing, nothing, and nothing,

With the exception of a friend.

I like to think of you in your years of youth--

Yes, now no longer in your youth---

With the exception of your name.

I am a great admirer

## Sinfonia Domestica

When the white waves of a glory that is hardly I  
Breaks through my mind and washes it clean,  
I know at last the meaning of my ecstasy,  
And know at last my wish and what it can mean.

To have sped out of life that night--to have vanished  
Not as a vision, but as something touched, yet grown  
Radiant as the moonlight, circling my shoulder;  
Wrapped in a dress of beauty, longed for, but never known.

For how with our daily converse, even the sweet sharing  
Of thoughts, of food, of home, of common life,  
How shall I be that glory, that last desire  
For which men struggle? Is Romance in a wife?  
Must I bend a heart that is bowed to breaking,  
With a frustration, inevitable and slow,  
And bank my flame to a low hearth fire, believing  
You'll come for warmth and life to its tempered glow?

Shall I mold my hope anew, to one of service,  
And tell my uneasy soul, "Behold, this is good".  
And meet you (if we do meet), even at Heaven's threshold,  
With ewer and basin, with clothing and with food?

Jean Starr Untermeyer



When the white waves of a glory that is bright  
Break through my mind and vision is clear,  
I know at last the meaning of my destiny,  
And come at last to what I can mean.  
  
To have that out of life that I have wanted  
Not as a vision, but as a certain reward, yet given  
Happily as the sunlight, shining up steadily;  
Steps in a house of beauty, lodged for, but never known.  
  
For how with all this comfort, even the world sharing  
Of thought, of food, of home, of common life,  
How shall I be that glory, that last desire  
For which we struggle? I remember in a tale  
That I read a heart that is good is breaking,  
With a frustration, inevitable and slow,  
And how my friend as a man of heart, believing  
That'll come for which we live in the common place  
  
Shall I hold up hope now, to one of service,  
And tell my master's soul, "This is good,"  
And tell you [I'm in the world], even as I've said,  
With heart and hand, with nothing as with foot?  
  
And that's the answer

## Roofs

The road is wide and the stars are out and the breath of the night is sweet  
 And this is the time when the wanderlust should seize upon my feet,  
 But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face,  
 And leave the splendor of out of doors for a human dwelling place.

I have never known a vagabond who really liked to roam,  
 All up and down the streets of the world and never have a home.  
 The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at the break of day  
 Will wander on till he finds another place to stay.

The Gipsy man sleeps in his cart with canvass over head,  
 Or else he climbs into a tent when it is time for bed.  
 He will take his ease upon the grass as long as the sun is high  
 But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call the gipsy a vagabond I think you do him wrong,  
 For he never goes a travelling but he takes his home along.  
 And the only reason a **home** is good, as every wanderer knows,  
 Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes.

They say life is a highway and its milestones are the years,  
 And now and then there's a tollgate where you pay your way with tears.  
 It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad and far,  
 But it leads at last to a golden town where golden houses are.

Joyce Kilmer



The road is wide and the sky is blue  
And the sun is shining bright  
For I'm glad to leave the road and the daylight  
And leave the sun for a human dwelling place.

I have never known a vegetable  
All the way from the fields to the table  
The things are fresh in your hand  
And the taste is just what you need.

The things are fresh in your hand  
And the taste is just what you need  
But when it is time to eat  
You will find it is just what you need.

It is not all the things I eat  
But the things I eat are just what I need  
And the things I eat are just what I need  
For the things I eat are just what I need.

That is why I eat the things I eat  
And the things I eat are just what I need  
For the things I eat are just what I need  
And the things I eat are just what I need.

John G. G.

## WORK

Work:

Thank God for the might of it,  
 The ardor the urge, the delight of it--  
 Work that springs from the hearts desire,  
 Setting the brain and the soul on fire--  
 Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,  
 Oh, what is so glad as the beat of it,  
 And what is so kind as the stern command,  
 Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work:

Thank God for the pride of it,  
 For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,  
 Sweeping the life in its furious flood,  
 Thrilling the rateries, cleansing the blood,  
 Mastering stupor and dull despair,  
 Moving the dreamer to do and dare.  
 Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,  
 Oh, what is so glad as the surge of it,  
 And what is so strong as the summons deep,  
 Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work:

Thank God for the pace of it,  
 For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;  
 Fiery steeds in full control,  
 Nostrils a quiver to greet the goal.  
 Work, the power that drives behind,  
 Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,  
 Holding the runaway wishes back,



Form:

Thank God for the night of it,  
The night the stars, the night of it--  
With that spring from the night's heart,  
Setting the brain and the heart on fire--  
Oh, what is so good as the night of it,  
Oh, what is so good as the night of it,  
And what is so good as the night of it,  
Chattering brain and heart and hand!

Form:

Thank God for the night of it,  
For the heart's heart, for the heart's heart,  
Swinging the life in the heart's heart,  
Telling the heart's heart, telling the heart's heart,  
Swinging the heart and the heart's heart,  
Telling the heart's heart, telling the heart's heart,  
Oh, what is so good as the night of it,  
Oh, what is so good as the night of it,  
And what is so good as the night of it,  
Telling the heart's heart, telling the heart's heart!

Form:

Thank God for the night of it,  
For the heart's heart, for the heart's heart,  
Telling the heart's heart, telling the heart's heart,  
Swinging the heart and the heart's heart,  
Telling the heart's heart, telling the heart's heart,  
Oh, what is so good as the night of it,  
Oh, what is so good as the night of it,  
And what is so good as the night of it,  
Telling the heart's heart, telling the heart's heart!

Reining the will to one steady track ,  
 Speeding the energies faster, faster,  
 Triumphant over disaster.

Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,  
 And what is so great as the gain of it?  
 And what is so kind as the cruel goad,  
 Forcing us on through the rugged road?

#### Work:

Thank God for the swing of it,  
 For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,  
 Passion of labor daily hurled  
 On the mighty anvils of the world.  
 Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?  
 And what is so huge as the aim of it?  
 Thundering on through dearth and doubt,  
 Calling the plan of the Maker out.  
 Work, th Titan; Work, the friend,  
 Shaping the earth to a glorious end.  
 Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,  
 Doing whatever the spirit wills----  
 Rending a continent apart,  
 To answer the dream of the Master heart.  
 Thank God for a world where none may shirk--  
 Thank God for the splendor of work!

Angela Morgan





## Birches

When I see birches bend to left and right  
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,  
I like to think some boy's been swinging on them  
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay,  
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them  
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning  
After a rain. They click upon themselves  
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored  
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.  
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells  
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust---  
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away  
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.  
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,  
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed  
So low for long, they never right themselves;  
You may see their trunks arching in the woods  
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground,  
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair  
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.  
But I was going to say when Truth broke in  
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm,  
I should prefer to have some boy bend them  
As he went out and in to fetch the cows----  
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,  
Whose only play was what he found himself,  
Summer or winter, and could play alone,  
One by one he subdued his father's trees  
By riding them down over and over again





Until he took the stiffness out of them,  
 And not one but hung limp, not one was left  
 For him to conquer. He learned all there was  
 To learn about not launching out too soon  
 And so not carrying the tree away  
 Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise  
 To the top branches, climbing carefully  
 With the same pains you use to fill a cup  
 Up to the brim, and even above the brim.  
 Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,  
 Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.  
 So was I once myself a swinger of birches.  
 And so I dream of going back to be.

It's when I'm weary of considerations,  
 And life is too much like a pathless wood  
 Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs  
 Broken across it, and one eye weeping  
 From a twig's having lashed across it open.

I'd like to get away from earth awhile  
 And then come back to it and begin over.  
 May no fate wilfully misunderstand me  
 And half grant what I wish and snatch me away  
 Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:  
 I don't know where it's likely to go better.  
 I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,  
 And climb black branches up a snow white trunk  
 Toward Heaven, till the tree could bear no more,  
 But dipped its top and set me down again.  
 That would be good both going and coming back.  
 One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.





So much has been written concerning the place and mission of woman in the world that a volume would be required to give any detail and a real estimate to the study. Yet among the changing ideas of our civilization it cannot be ignored.

During the Nineteenth Century a greater change came in the status than had occurred in centuries. Feminism laughed at, at first, made definite progress both as a philosophy and a definite program of action. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century women played no part in the government, in industry, in education, or religion. Woman's sphere was the home. For her support she was dependent on her father, brother, or husband. No matter how much property she owned she could not vote, nor did she have any legal rights over her children.

There was a general belief that woman's mentality was inferior to that of man's, so it was deemed unwise to waste money on her education. The late Dr. Eliot was severely criticized in his younger days for advocating higher education for women; and a century before Old Sir Anthony Absolute in Sheridan's "The Rivals", complaining of the conduct of Lydia says, "This comes of teaching girls to read".

Had it not been for a certain chivalrous attitude man had for women she would have had a far harder time, but this, at the best, was a haphazard sort of protection depending upon the type of man the woman encountered. For there are Sir Modreds as well as King Arthurs.

Again we have to thank the French Revolution for its inquiry into the injustices of life. However, Napoleon promptly smothered all attempts to lift the standards in regard to women and an English Woman, one Mary Wollstonecraft was the first to get before the public the demands of women for a square deal. She was courageous enough to say give woman the same education as man and she will respond accordingly. She also demanded the franchise and an opportunity for economic independence. But events were marching toward this recognition of women over which no one had much control. The Industrial Revolution



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"The Rivalry", complaining of the ignorance of the women of the country, said

"It is to be feared"

Had it not been for a certain chivalrous attitude men had for some

on she would have had a far harder time, but this, at the best, was a temporary

sort of protection depending upon the type of man the woman encountered. For

there are Sir Roberts as well as King Aithars.

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tion forced women from the home i nto the fa ctories where for years they were explo ited and driven like slaves. In England they were even employed in the mines. But this greater degredation was to lead to emancipa ion. Woman was at last a wage earner. Gi ven this encouragement she began to t think of political affairs and how they affected her.

As early as 1867 a bill was introduced into Parliament for t the enfranchisement of women . It was laughed to scorn and it was not until the close of the world war that England gave the vote to women. In new Zea- land women were enfranchised in 1893 and in Australia in 1903. The Dominion were more rapidly advancing than the mother country.

Women in the United States had their struggle and it is one of the grave criticisms of Woodrow Wi lsons one track mind that he opposed woman suffrage vigorously demanding it be settled by the Statesan d defend- ed his position by weakly whining it was not in the Demovratic platform. Occupied with preparedness , he allowed indignities to picketing suffragis- ts , which he, as head of the police district, could easily have remedied. But the movement was too far advanced to admit of any great delay. Legesla- tion in recent years has been both wise and kind to women. From a househol drudge and the bearer of innumerable children she has emerged a human bein

Tennyson' s poem "The Princess " may well be called the "herald-melody of the higher education for women. And we must not forget t that education comes first; the education of the men as well as the women. As Tennyson may well be regarded as the champion poet of higher educa tio fo r women this quotation is somewhat enlightening. Hallam Tennyson sums up his father's teaching on the subject in the following words: "Woman mu must train herself to do the large work that lies before her, even thoug she may not be destined to be wife or mother, cultivating her understandi ing not her memory only, her imagination in its highest phases , her in- born spirituality and her sympathy withall that is pure, noble, and beaut- iful, rather than mere social accomplishments; then and then only will sh





further the progress of humanity; then, and then. only will men continue to hold her in reverence".

67

Whether woman can be viewed except from the sex standpoint is hard to say. Woman should conquer because of her knowledge, her keener intuitions, her developed power to struggle and attain. Perhaps the truer voice is heard in the lines:

#Let this proud watchword best of Equal--

For woman is not undeveloped man

But diverse".

The right to freedom is the unalienable right of every soul and woman's progress has been retarded by prejudices, customs, and conventions.

In the motherhood function of woman lies her greatest glory and though she may seem to fling off this God given privilege she invariably reverts to her heroism. This is one of the permanent mighty in our world. The higher ever subdues the lower and in the end woman is true to her obligation, to the social order, and to God.



...to hold her in reverence.

Whether woman can be viewed except from the same stand-

point is hard to say. Women should consider because of her knowledge, her

former position, her developed power in scientific and artistic. Perhaps the

first value is found in the future:

That this point watched best of time--

For woman is not yet developed man

But diverse.

The right to freedom is the unalienable right of every

and woman's progress has been retarded by prejudices, customs,

and conventions.

In the nineteenth century of woman like her progress

slow and steady was seen to rise off this God given privilege she

invariably reveals her knowledge. This is one of the greatest rights

in our world. The right ever rubs the lower end in the end woman is a

time to her obligation to the social order, and to God.

## The Princess

(A picture of the poet's mother and father)

My mother pitying made a thousand prayers

My mother was as mild as any saint,

Half-canonized by all that looked at her

So gracious was her tact and tenderness;

But my good father thought a king a king;

He cared not for the affection of the house;

He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand

To lash offense, and with long arms and hands

Reached out, and picked offenders from the mass

For judgment.

(Ideas on education)

Dwell with these and lose convention

Since to look on noble forms

Makes noble through the sensuous organism

That which is higher. O lift your natures up:

Embrace our aims; work out your freedom, girls

Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed:

Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,

The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite

And slander, die. Better not be at all

Than not be noble.

(The perfect whole)

Everywhere two heads in council, two beside the hearth,

Two in the tangled business of the world,

Two in the liberal offices of life,

Two plummetts dropt for one to sound the abyss

Of science, and the secrets of the mind.

Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more:



1. The first of the main points is that

the author is not a professional writer

but a man who has lived through the

experience of the war and the

experience of the post-war period

and the experience of the present

He does not write for the sake of

the sake of the subject but for the

sake of the reader and the

reader's interest in the

For the

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And everywhere the broad and beautiful earth  
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,  
Poets whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.

(The Princess plan)

We had our dreams; perhaps he mixed with them:  
We touch on our dead self, nor sin to do it,  
Being others--since we learnt our meaning here,  
To lift the woman's fallen divinity  
Upon an even pedestal with man.

\*\*\*\*\*

Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs:  
Howbeit ourselves, foreseeing casualty,  
Nor willing men should come among us learnt,  
For many weary moons before we came,  
This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself  
Would tend upon you. To your question now--

\* \*\*\*\*\*

Nor is it wiser to weep a true occasion lost  
But trim our sails and let old by-gones be,  
While down the steams that float us each and all  
To the issue goes, like glittering bergs of ice,  
Throne after throne, and molten on the waste  
Becomes a cloud; for all things serve their time  
Toward that great year of equal rights and rights,  
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end  
Found golden; let the past be past.

\*\*\*\*\*

Till all men grew to rate us at our worth,  
Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes  
Dandled, no, but living wills and sphered  
Whole in our selves and owed to none.



that everywhere the life of the world is  
knowing that a noble growth of those rare souls,  
Poets whose thoughts enter the blood of the world.

(The Poets' plan)

It has not been; perhaps the plan with them  
he looks on our best work, not on his  
being others--since we have not meaning here,  
to lift the woman's fall's divinity  
from an even pedestal with him.

\*\*\*\*\*

Knowledge is knowledge, as this matter is;  
themselves ourselves, forgetting ourselves,  
not willing that should come from us, learn,  
for our very being before we know,  
This state of being, how you feel, yourself  
could have been you, to your question now--

\*\*\*\*\*

For it is with us that a true question is  
But with our wills and the old against us,  
And then the answer that first we seek and if  
To our answer, this is the answer of the  
To our answer, and when on the earth  
Growth is a thing; for all things have their time  
To our answer, for the world is not a thing,  
For would I know with you, to the end  
From which; but the world is not.

\*\*\*\*\*

That all men have to face is not our work,  
Not possible to be, not really ours  
But, no, but living with and without  
That is not what we have to know.

Tho ' indeed we hear

You hold the woman is the better man;

A rampant heresy, such as if it spread

Would make all women kick against their Lords.

\*\*\*\*\*

(The Lady Ida reviews womans history)

Die ; yet I blame you not for so much fear;

Six thousand years of fear have made you that

From which I would redeem you: but for those

That stir this hubbub--you and you--I know

Your faces there in the crowd-- tomorrow morn

We hold a great convention; then shall they

That love their voices more than duty, learn

With whom they deal , dismissed in shame to live

No wiser than their mothers. Household stuff,

Like chattels, mincers of each others fame,

Full of weak poisons, turnspits for the clown,

The drunkard's football, laughing stocks of time

Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,

But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,

To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,

Forever slaves at home, and fools abroad.

\*\*\*\*\*

Man is the hunter; woman is his game;

The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,

We hunt them for the beauty of their skins;

They love us for it and we ride them down.

Wheeling and diding with them! Out! For shame!

Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them

As he that does the thing they dare not do,

Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes





With the air of the trumpet around him, and leaps in  
 Among the women, snares them by the score  
 Flatter'd and fluster'd , wins, tho' dashed with death  
 He reddens what he kisses.

At which I answered.

"Wild natures need wise curbs".

\*\*\*\*\*

(The last appeal of the Prince)

"Blame not thyself too much", I said, "nor blame  
 Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;  
 These were the rough ways of the world till now.  
 Henceforth thou has a helper, me, that know  
 The woman's cause is Man' s; they rise or sink  
 Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free".

\*\*\*\*\*

For woman is not undeveloped man,  
 But diverse.

\*\*\*\*\*

And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,  
 Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,  
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,  
 Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
 Distinct in individualities,  
 But like each other even as those who love.  
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;  
 Then reigns the worlds great bridals, chaste and calm;  
 Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.

Alfred Tennyson



With the air of one who is not at all  
tired, she looked down at the  
"Pleasure's and Pleasures", and, with a  
He returns what he knows.  
At last, I answered.  
"Wild nature need no words."

(The last chapter of the Prince)  
"Shine not thyself too much", said, "not alone  
Too much the same of me and others have;  
There are the ways of the world till now.  
Be certain thou has a helper, me, that know  
The woman's name is Jane; as they rise or sink  
Together, twisted as Gordian, bond or free."

For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse.

And so these things upon the earth of time,  
Side by side, side by side, in all their power,  
Eloquence, power, giving the to-be,  
Self-reverent and not reverent to be,  
Distant in individuality,  
But like and other even as love and love,  
Then come the stages that lead to man;  
Then rises the world's great bridge, cross and rail;  
Then springs the opening race of human-kind.  
Alfred Thompson

## The Modern Woman to her Lover

I shall no t lie to you any more,  
 Flatter or fawn to attain my end---  
 I am what never has been before,  
 Woman---and friend.

I shall be strong as a man is strong,  
 I shall be fair as a man is fair,  
 Hand locked in hand we shall pass along  
 To apurer air:

I shall not drag at your bridle rein,  
 Knee pressed to knee we shall ride the hill;  
 I shall not lie to you ever again---  
 Will you love m e still?

Margaret Widdemer



The letter is in my hand

I shall be glad to hear from you

please to send it to me as soon as possible

I am most truly and respectfully

Yours, and friend,

I shall be glad to hear from you

I shall be glad to hear from you

I shall be glad to hear from you

In answer to

I shall be glad to hear from you

I shall be glad to hear from you

I shall be glad to hear from you

I shall be glad to hear from you

Very truly yours,

## The Song of the Shirt

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread---  
 Stitch! Stich! Stich.'  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt".

"Work! work! work!  
 While the cock is crowing aloof.'  
 And work--work--work,  
 Till the stars shine through the roof!  
 It's oh, to be a slave  
 Along with the barbarous Turk,  
 Where women has never a soul to save,  
 If this is Christian work!

Work--work--work  
 Till the brain begins to swim;  
 Work--work--work  
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,  
 Band, and gusset an' seam,  
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
 And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, Men, with Sister's dear!  
 Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives.'  
 It is not linen your wearing out,  
 But human creatures lives!



The Song of the Slave

With fingers weak and sore,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in lonely room,  
Flinging her head against the wall--

Behold! Behold! Behold!

In poverty, in hunger, and in cold,  
And with a pain that no one can  
She sang the "Song of the Slave".

"Work! work! work!"

While the clock is striking slow!

And work--work--work--

Till the stars shine through the roof

'Tis up, to be a slave

Along with the barbarous Turk,

Whose women must never a soul to save,

It ends in Christian work!

Work--work--work--

Till the brain begins to swim

Work--work--work--

Till the eyes are heavy and dim

Dead, and dumb, and dead,

Dead, and dumb, and dead,

Till over in hell I feel released,

And see them on a strand

"O, how with sister's dear!

O, how, with sister's dear!

It is not I, nor you, nor me,

But those who live and die!

In poverty , hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death?  
That phantom of grisly bone,  
I hardly fear his grissly shape,  
It seems so like my own---  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fast I keep;  
Oh, Go d! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work--work--work  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages; A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread-- and rags.  
That shattered roof--and this naked floor---  
A table --a broken chair--  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

"Work--work--work  
From weary chime to chime,  
Work--work--work  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and beam.  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,  
As well as the weary hand.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet--



In power, I think, and still,

Spoken in power, with a noble throat,

A shadow as well as a light.

And why do I love of beauty?

That shadow of a living heart,

I hardly feel the beauty there,

If there be like my own--

If there be like my own,

Because of the fact I know

Oh, do it, that beauty should be so near,

And there are things so small

"For--for--for"

By labor never known

And that are the beauty of the

A crowd of bread--and a sign.

Just sheltered roof--and the word "floor--"

A table--a broken chair--

And a bell so black, my window I think

For sometimes falling stars!

"For--for--for"

From their chairs to chairs,

For--for--for

As prisoners were for chairs!

And, and, and, and, and, and, and, and,

And, and, and, and, and, and, and, and,

Will the heart be glad, and the brain be glad?

As well as the weary hand.

Oh, but to breathe the breath

Of the world and all its things--

With the sky above my head,  
 And the grass beneath my feet,  
 For only one short hour  
 To feel as I used to feel,  
 Before I knew the woes of want  
 And the walk that costs a meal.

"Oh, but for one short hour!

A respite however brief!  
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
 But only time for grief!  
 A little weeping would ease my heart,  
 But in their briny bed  
 My tears must stop, for every drop  
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread--  
 Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,--  
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!--  
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Thomas Hood



For only one heart  
To feel as I need to feel,  
Before I knew the way of love  
And the world that comes to me.

"Oh, but for me and mine,  
A restless heart is mine,  
No blessed labour for love or hope,  
But only this for mine,  
A little resting world with me,  
But in every thing but  
My heart and hope, for every day  
A little world is mine."

With a heart as wide as mine,  
With a heart as deep as mine,  
A heart that is unendingly true,  
Fighting for peace and love--  
And still with a heart of love and hope--  
And still with a heart of love and hope--  
And still with a heart of love and hope--  
And still with a heart of love and hope--

## Conflicts In Society

In a survey of literature almost all of the important poets have been interested in social, political, and religious life battles. The struggle we are most interested in, in the following group of poems is that struggle brought about by the abuses of labor. Exploitation of the laborer was bound to come in the first flush of mass production brought about by the invention of the steam engine, the cotton gin, and many other devices usable in the factory. Wherever we find man harried too sharply, there is always revolt.

England to whom the Industrial Revolution came earliest suffered intensely. The enclosure acts of 1810 drove the people from the rural districts to the cities and the factories absorbed them. Woman and children suffered most. A glance at the hours of labor, conditions of housing, and wages tell the story of misery. The hours were from twelve to sixteen even for children; the laborers lived in dormitories near the factories with no adequate sanitary provisions and no chance for the preservation of common decency; and as for wages, entire families were forced to work from dawn to dark to eke out a bare existence. Illiteracy was everywhere. The capitalists fought public education because in their greed they did not want to support schools and because they wanted cheap labor. The church did what it could but it too feared to make the people discontented in the sphere of life to which God had called them. Evil conditions became such a menace, in spite of charity, the dole system and philanthropists such as Robert Owen, that factory laws had to be codified. This did not come about until 1902; but these laws were drastic enough to protect all men, women, and children. They included compensation, old age pensions, minimum wage, social, sick, and unemployment insurance. Elementary education was provided for and then Lloyd George tackled the land question. The work is still going on and social conflicts must continue in a changing civilization. England today is the most democratic country in the world.



In summary of literature about all of the important events

have been interested in social, political, and religious life.

The struggle we are most interested in, in the following group of books is

that struggle brought about by the abuses of labor, exploitation of labor

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always revolt.

England is where the Industrial Revolution was carried out.

at first. The evidence goes to 1810 shows the people from the rural

districts to the cities and the factories showed them. Women and children

worked more. Hours at the house of labor, conditions of housing, and

wages tell the story of misery. The hours were from twelve to sixteen even

for children; the laborer lived in hovels; the factory was a

mechanical hell; no provision for the preservation of the man

factory; and as for wages, entire families were forced to work from dawn to

dark to eke out a bare existence. Millinery was everywhere. The capitalists

to the public education because in their greed they did not want to support

schools and because they wanted cheap labor. The character of the life was

that it was forced to make the people discontented in the sphere of life.

for God had called them. But, education, health, and a decent

living, the whole system was maintained as it was. The factory

was not to be abolished. This did not come about until 1832; but there have

been drastic enough to protect all men, women, and children. These included com-

munication, old age pensions, minimum wages, medical, and unemployment

insurance. Elementary education was provided for and then the factory

led the last question. The rest is still going on and will continue

existing as a changing civilisation. England today is the most democratic

country in the world.

What about the status of our own working folk in the early industrial days? Social evolution in America moved with greater speed than in England. The transition was almost direct from the "household" to the factory system. For further enlightenment let us look at an estimate made by Congress in 1836. We find 100,000 persons employed in the cloth industry, 100,000 of whom were men, while 66,000 were women and children, and 23,000 boys. In Philadelphia a committee investigated wages paid for various classes of work. The highest paid earned \$11.54 a week and the poorest paid \$2.70. At Paterson, N. J. mill rules required women and children to be at work at four thirty in the morning. They were allowed one half hour for breakfast and three quarters of an hour for dinner and worked until dark.

Imprisonment for debt was a law in 1829 and it was estimated that 75,000 were annually imprisoned. No wonder Whittier grew sarcastic in the following lines:

"Has murder stained his heart with gore  
Ah no, his crimes a fouler one, God made  
the old man poor."

Any history of education will recount a sorry tale in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. The first labor movement brought some relief and the demands by the working class for schools was unprecedented. The first trade union paper in the world was published in Philadelphia in 1828, two years before England had any similar organ. And so the story goes from one victory to another for the working man. Legislation here as in England protects women and children.

The poet has done his share to arouse public sentiment in the fight for the downtrodden. "The Cry of the People" is a voice not to be ignored. Poems such as "The Factories" and "The Flower Factory" make even the most frivolous stop and think and men and women do that something has to be done. The stinging sarcasm in the little verse "War and Peace" together with dramas such as "The Common Law" has had its effect on raising the wages of the



What about the state of our working folk in the early industrial days? Social evolution in America moved with greater speed than in England. The transition was almost instant from the "household" to the factory system. For further enlightenment let us look at an estimate made by Congress in 1825. On that day 100,000 persons employed in the cloth industry, 10,000 of whom were men, while 60,000 were women and children, and 20,000 boys. In Philadelphia a committee investigated wages paid for various classes of work. The highest paid earned \$11.75 a week and the poorest paid \$2.70. At Paterson, N. J., where the textile industry was then growing, the average weekly wage was \$4.00. The lowest paid earned \$2.00. The average for the whole country was \$4.00. The average for the whole country was \$4.00. The average for the whole country was \$4.00.

The following lines:

"The master of the house his heart with care  
And his wife and children, God bless  
The old man's joy."

The history of education will become a very late in the early part of nineteenth century. The first labor movement brought some relief and comfort to the working class for schools and universities. The first time when there was a school in Philadelphia in 1805, the year before England had another system. And in the year 1807, there was a school in another for the working men. Legislation was passed in England to provide for the education of the poor.

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women in the shops.

We have not reached the ideal state by any means. The war of capital and labor is still going on and the poet is striking hard. With his more sensitive discernment he has ever been the spokesman in defense of the worker. Trade Unionism and Factory Legislation have been given an impetus by men like Markham and Untermeyer. How much influence this type of verse has yielded, it is impossible to measure. You may remember Lincoln meeting Mrs. Stowe for the first time and saying, "So this is the little woman that caused the Civil War?" This may be and surely is poor history; but it gives one an inkling of the importance of the writer's message, in drawing attention to injustices.

The poems that follow are so direct and simple in their intent that it is futile to comment upon them.

So we with your pride of birth  
And your golden gifts of wealth  
Lead us north to his mother earth,  
All that a man has made!

We are the workers and makers,

We are no longer dumb!

Trouble, sickness and Federal

Swamping the earth we come!

Ranked in the world wide drama,

Marching into the day!

The night is gone and the sword is drawn

And the standard is thrown away!

John G. Whittier



We have not reached the ideal state by any means. The war of capital and labor is still going on and the post is striking hard. With its more sensitive discernment he has ever been the spokesman in defense of the worker. Trade Unions and factory legislation have been given an impetus by his like position as "Interpreters". How much influence this type of voice has yielded, it is impossible to measure. In my recollection Lincoln meeting him there for the first time, "So this is the little man that caused the 'all work'." This may be and surely is poor history but it gives one an insight of the importance of the writer's message, in drawing attention to his position.

The posts that follow are directly and simply in their nature the little battle to command upon them.

## Cry of the People

Tremble before thy chattels,  
 Lords of the scheme of things.  
 Fighters of all earth's battles,  
 Ours is the might of kings!  
 Guided by seers and sages,  
 The world's heart beat for a drum,  
 Snapping the chains of wages,  
 Out of the night we come!  
 Lend us no ear that pities!  
 Offer no almoner's hand!  
 Alms for the builders of cities!  
 When will you understand?  
 Down with your pride of birth  
 And your golden gods of trade!  
 A man is worth to his mother earth,  
 All that a man has made!  
 We are the workers and makers,  
 We are no longer dumb!  
 Tremble, o Shirkers and Takers!  
 Sweeping the earth we come!  
 Ranked in the world wide dawn,  
 Marching into the day!  
 The night is gone and the sword is drawn  
 And the scabbard is thrown away!

John G. Neihardt



Tremble before my onslaught,

Boards of the nation's Congress,

Figures of all nation's business,

Give in the name of Liberty!

Guided by reason and equity,

The world's heart beat for a dream,

Imagined the chains of slavery,

Not at the night we come!

Lead us no more that pilgrim!

Other no pilgrim's land!

Aims for the builders of a land!

When will you understand?

Do we still your guide of light?

And your guided stars of night?

And is worth to his master's worth?

Altho' a man has died!

So are the workers and makers,

So are no longer slaves!

Tremble, obedient and fearful!

Sweeping the earth we come!

Marching in the world's wide dawn,

Marching into the day!

The night is gone and the dawn is drawn

And the workers are thrown away!

John G. Whitcomb

# The Beasts

I think I could turn and live with the animals. they are  
so placid and self-contained;

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition;

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;

Not one is dissatisfied--not one is demented with the mania  
of owning things;

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands  
of years ago;

Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

Walt Whitman



I think I could have and live with the machine, they are  
as simple and self-contained;

I stand and look at these things and I say,

They do not sweat and shiver about their condition;

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;

They do not make us sick discussing their duty to God;

Not one is dissatisfied--not one is discontent with the machine  
of owning things;

Not one kneels to any man, nor to his kind that lived thousands  
of years ago;

Not one is responsible or indignant over the whole earth.

Walt Whitman

"God created man in his own image, in the image of God created He him."

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans

Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,

The emptiness of ages in his face

And on his back the burden of the world.

Who made him dead to rapture and despair,

A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?

Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?

Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?

Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave

To have dominion over seas and land;

To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;

To feel the passion of eternity?

Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns

And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?

Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf

There is no shape more terrible than this----

More tongue with centure of the world's blind greed---

More filled with signs and portents for the soul--

More packed with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim?

Slave of the wheel of labor, what ~~tho~~\* to him

Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

What the long reaches of the peaks of song,

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
Times tragedy is in that aching stoop;



"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

So was he the height of a cherubim, as Isaac

Upon his knees and hands on the ground,

The brightness of eyes in his face

And on his back the burden of the world.

His hands his feet to torture and despair,

A thing that others not and that never knew,

Stilled and stunned, a brother to the out

Who loomed and lay down this mortal part

Which was the hand that slanted back this part

Whom power drew out the light within this part

Is told the light the love God made and gave

To have dominion over seas and land;

To trace the stars and scatter the heavens for power;

To feel the passion of eternity

Is this the power he thrust and caught the sun

And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?

To see all the caverns of Hell to make him part

There is no shape more terrible than this--

He is brought with nature of the world's blind press--

How filled with light and order for the world--

So he comes with power to the universe.

That gifts between him and the universe?

Slave of the wheel of labor, "that" to him

And he laid out the ring of pleasure?

That the one reason of the world of man.

The rest of days, the reaching of the world

Thence came the light and the darkness, the light

Thence came the light and the darkness, the light

Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
 Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
 Cries protest to the judges of the world,  
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
 This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?  
 How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
 Touch it again with immortality;  
 Give back the upward looking and the light;  
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
 Make right the immemorial infamies,  
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
 How will the future reckon with this man?  
 How answer his brute question in that hour  
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?  
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings---  
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is---  
 When this dumb terror shall appeal to God,  
 After the silence of the centuries?

Edwin Markham



Through this great darkness of the night,

Blackness, white and red, and blue,

Under protest to the judges of the world,

A witness that is also a witness.

It is the world, it is the world, it is the world,

Is this the world, you give me God,

This is the world, it is the world, it is the world,

How all the world is the world, it is the world,

There is a world, it is the world, it is the world,

Give back the world, looking at the light,

Rebels in the world, it is the world, it is the world,

How right the world is, it is the world, it is the world,

Particulars of the world, it is the world, it is the world,

Questions, it is the world, it is the world, it is the world,

How all the world is the world, it is the world, it is the world,

How much the world is the world, it is the world, it is the world,

When the world is the world, it is the world, it is the world,

How all the world is the world, it is the world, it is the world,

With those who are the world, it is the world, it is the world,

Then the world is the world, it is the world, it is the world,

After the world, it is the world, it is the world,

What is the world, it is the world, it is the world,

## The Factories

I have shut my little sister in from life and light,  
 (For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair,)  
 I have made her restless feet still until the night,  
 Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air;  
 I who roamed the meadow lands, free from sun to sun,  
 Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings fly,  
 I have bound my sister till her playing-time is done--  
 Oh, my little sister, was it I? Was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood,  
 (For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless spark,)  
 Shut from Love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good,  
 How shall she go scatheless through the sunlit dark?  
 I who could be innocent, I who could begay,  
 I who could have light and mirth before the light went by  
 I have shut my sister in her mating time away----  
 Sister, my sister, was it I? Was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast,  
 (For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn,)  
 Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest,  
 How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone?  
 I, who took no heed of her, starved and labor worn,  
 I, against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,  
 Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn--  
 God of Life! Creator.' It was I & It was I!!

Margaret Widdemer





# The Flower Factory

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,

They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one,

Little children, who have never learned to play;

Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache today;

Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray.

High above the clattering street, ambulance and fire-gong beat,

They sit curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,

They have never seen a rose-bush nor a dewdrop in the sun.

They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina, Fiametta,

Of a Black Hand and a face behind a grating;

They will dream of cotton petals, endless, crimson, suffocating,

Never of a wild-rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket,

But the ambulance will bellow through the wanness of their dreams,

And their tired lids will flutter with the street's hysteric scream

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,

They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one.

Let them have a long, long playtime, Lord of Toil, when toil is done

Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous rose of the sun!

Florence Wilkinson



Liabette, Marianne, Blanche, Terence,

They are standing round of roses, one by one, one by one,

Little children who have never learned to play;

Terence softly crying that his fingers ache today;

They are standing round when the sunlight elms away,

Elms above the old stone street, shadows and wind-swept trees,

They are standing round petals, one by one, one by one,

Liabette, Marianne, Blanche, Terence,

They have never seen a rose-bush nor a flower in the sun.

They will dream of the vanished, Terence, Blanche,

Of a Black Man and a face behind a curtain;

They will dream of cotton petals, endless, endless, endless,

Never of a wild-rose thicket nor an alighting of a cricket,

But the shadows will follow through the windows of their dreams,

And their lives will flutter with the sweetest of their dreams.

Liabette, Marianne, Blanche, Terence,

They are standing round of roses, one by one, one by one,

Let them have a long, long lifetime, full of love, when all is done

Fill their hearts with roses, Japan rose or the rose!

Finis

# The Still Small Voice

Elijah crouched in his cavern while the shrieking whirlwind passed,  
 And the hollow flame and the earthquake followed the empty blast.  
 He saw no sign in the earthquake, in the tempest no call he heard--  
 But a still small voice came after, and the prophet thrilled at the  
 word.

Ministers gathered in council, beaming on all mankind,  
 And the noise of the people's cheering came up like a rushing wind;  
 For Thomas had boosted the Empire; and Snowden captured the Bank,  
 And Ramsay, in Royal Progress, had put things right with the Yank.

Till a still small voice cut coldly through the praise of their great  
 design

Asking, "What about Unemployment? and cotton? and wool? and Mines?  
 And the folk who wait for the budget in hopes of a tax reduced?  
 And disillusioned supporters, when pledges come home to roost?"

"Twas but the chirping of sparrows", so some one said in his haste;  
 But questions HAVE to be answered and problems HAVE to be faced.

There's a time to rest on your laurels; but it needs some care in the  
 choice--

And the precedents are not in favor of elighting the still small voice

MacFlecknoe



Eliza approached in his narrow white shirt and trousers, and  
and the little girl and the woman followed him to the door.  
He went out in the darkness, and the woman he said he heard--  
But a still small voice came after, and the woman shivered at the  
word.

Minister's daughter in company, beautiful and smiling,  
and the voice of the people's daughter came up like a soft wind;  
for Eliza had kissed the Minister; and Eliza kissed the Minister,  
and Eliza, in Royal Progress, had not things right with the King.  
This a still small voice but clearly through the noise of their lives  
saying

saying, "They about Unemployment? an account on wool and linen?  
And the little girl said for the budget in paper of a few pounds?  
And Eliza's daughter's daughter, when Eliza's daughter was in power?  
"Then for the thinking of Eliza's daughter," so even she said in his house;  
But Eliza's daughter HAD to be answered and Eliza's daughter HAD to be faced.  
There's a little to say in your house; but it needs some care in the  
choice--  
And the Minister's daughter was not in favor of Eliza's daughter's daughter's  
daughter.

"This war is a terrible thing", he said,

"With its countless numbers of needless dead;

A futile war it seems to me,

Fought for no principle I can see.

Alas, that thousands of hearts should bleed

For naught but a tyrant's boundless greed!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Said the wholesale grocer, in righteous mood,

As he went to adulterate salable food.

Spake as follows the merchant king;

"Is'nt this war a disgraceful thing?

Heartless, cruel. and useless too;

It does'nt seem that it can be true.

Think of the misery, want, and fear!

We ought to be grateful we've no war here".

\*\*\*\*\*

"Six ta week "--to a girl--"Thats flat!

I can get a thiusand to work for that".

Franklin P. Adams



"This was a terrible thing," said

"the young man, looking at the old man

A look of pain was on his face

For he had seen the old man

And the thousands of people who

For many years had been his friends

And the old man

Said to the young man, in a low

And he went to the old man's

And he found the old man

"The old man was a different

And the old man

It doesn't seem that it can be

Think of the misery, and the

He ought to be treated as a

And the old man

"The old man was a different

I can see the old man

And the old man

## Caliban In The Coal Mines

God, we don't like to complain

We know that the mine is no lark---

But---there's the pool from the rain;

But--there' s the cold and the dark.

God, you don't know what it is---

You, in your well lighted sky---

Watching the meteors whizz;

Warm with the sun always by.

God, if You had but the moon

Stuck in Yo ur cap for a lamp,

Even you'd tire of it soon,

Down in the dark and the damp .

Nothing but blackness above

And nothing that moves but the cars----

God, if you wish for our love,

Fling us a handful of stars!

Louis Untermeyer





I have written my check and dispatched it; the "first instalment" is paid  
And now I must work like blazes at my "occupation or trade",  
To pay for the second instalment; but Snowden has made me fear  
That what I am paying is nothing to what I shall pay next year.

And however they chance to assess me, whatever the rate may be,  
I shall just pay up and look pleasant--there's no evasion for me;  
For I haven't a Union behind me, and I haven't the cash, or wiles,  
Of the people who pack up a million, and flee to the channel Isles.

Of course, in a way, 'tis an honor to carry the national debt,  
And pay for the army and navy, and air-force and cabinet;  
To feel that Ramsay's my wage slave, and Philip Snowden, M. P.,  
Collects the Cash from our Allies as an agent employed by me,  
And I don't grudge helping the workless, though I'd rather pay on the whole  
For finding useful employment than for putting more on the dole  
Why don't they listen to David? --but there's no use getting annoyed;  
I must work a little bit harder to pay for the unemployed.

I've said as much as I meant to; I might have stopped at the pause,  
Then why do I go on scribbling? Well, there's where the canker gnaws.  
The first four stanzas may help me to starve off the wolf's attacks--  
But a fifth has got to be written to cover the Income Tax.

MacFlecknoe









Never was a day so full of life and joy.

Never was a day so full of life and joy.

But every day is a day of life and joy.

Beating over the hills, in a happy, smiling way.

How we forget the things of the world, and the things of the world.

It was all the world, and the world was all.

And every day is a day of life and joy.

And every day is a day of life and joy.

I recall a window that opened near the engine room.

Windows could be raised by a lever (which is still).

Through this window on many days we saw the sea.

Following a day when we passed a fishing boat.

Then for just a moment our young hearts were all.

Longed for the blue sky and the white clouds.

We might feel like children again, for a golden hour.

His heart free from time clocks and from the white clouds.

Years that ripen children's hearts and minds.

We want to be like you, in a happy, smiling way.

Smiling by the water, and feeling everything.

Following a day when we passed a fishing boat.

Oh, efficient laborers who built this boat.

Strained to breaking point, but never failed.

Ignored of everything but food and work and hunger.

Working hard, and smiling, and feeling everything.

For a moment, when I gave, I gave you this.

From the engine room, where the white clouds are.

Anything that's good and fine, or true in me I owe to them,  
For they were all I knew and loved, when I was very young.

Joy O'Hara



My dear Mr. [illegible]

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am very glad to hear

## VII

## Changing Conceptions in Religion

The word religion is perhaps the vaguest of all the nouns in the English language. A hand dictionary furnishes no less than five different conceptions and one social evolutionist has busied himself by collecting definitions from Seneca to Dr. Martineau. All these definitions are about as individual as the portraits of the men who conceived them. Dr. Martineau's may best suit the English and American as well as the religious and the irreligious or shall we say the non-religious. "Religion is a belief in an everlasting God; that is, a divine mind and will, ruling the Universe and holding moral relations with mankind".

That much of our religion is a matter of history goes without saying. There is certainly a security in, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be". And is not security the thing man looks for from the cradle to the grave and tries to provide for in a future world? That predominant instinct self-preservation.

In the last fifty years much time has been given over by scholars to comparing religious beliefs of ancient times with one another and with modern creeds. A great deal more is known regarding religious phenomena. For instance, we are assured that the teachings of Christ were by no means novel. Daniel and some of the Psalms were written in the second century before Christ. But then, in a matter of history Christianity is a recent religion.

As we tie up changing conceptions of faith with the social changes let us see how the rise of manufacturing affected New England, the home of Puritanism? It is so much like that which accompanied the rise of capitalism in England that it is often called the "New England Reformation". Congregationalism that had ruled so long was split and out of it grew Unitarianism, a creed so liberal that it shocked half the world. It won over Harvard College in the very stronghold of Puritanism. The Quakers became divided





and the new cult of Transcendentalism won over men like Emerson and Hawthorne. It was a real Renaissance movement in literature. Plain living and high thinking was the best thought of the day.

The poem "How the Women Went to Dover" ably illustrates the changing religious views, and how far New England has gone. The Salvation Army has taken on a new dignity since their splendid work in the World War. The vivid picture of Booth entering heaven sketched by Vachel Lindsay shows a deep appreciation for the other man's point of view. The two poems on evolution have much to recommend them and nothing to offend. "Heartbreak Land" another appeal for those despise of men shames the selfish soul of man. Prejudices must be swept away and the brotherhood of man made possible. Among the poems collected to show diverse conceptions and personal beliefs Matthew Arnolds "Immortality" is quoted. It is interesting to note that Arnold was charmed with Spinoza's cold analysis of the religion of his remote ancestors. Our most careful observer detects an unmistakable tendency toward secularization of human affairs. No one believes today that the devil is at the bottom of disease, or that storms can be dissipated by importuning the gods, or that Negro slavery can be justified on the score that Noah cursed Ham and his offspring for making light of the old man's drunken relaxations.

The contrivency of the fundamentalist and the evolutionist is the latest argument in religion that has tortured the heart and mind of man; but it is subsiding even as all others and taking its place beside the more scientific trend of mind. Of one thing we may be sure, idealism, morality, decency, and fairness depend upon and are re-inforced by religious beliefs, whatever they may be.



and the new world of fundamentalism has been seen since the Reformation.  
and modernism. It was a new moral movement in literature.  
Pledge living and in thinking we the best thought of the day.  
The poem "The Tower Built to God" only illustrates  
the changing religious views, and how far the English has come. The  
Reformation brought in a new dignity since their spiritual work  
in the world was the virtue of the spirit which the heaven bestowed  
by which liberty was a new appreciation for the time that's past  
of view. The two books of a revolution have been the thousand years and  
nothing so often. "Reformation" and "another appeal for those who  
of our church the world's soul of men. Reformation must be kept away  
and the birth of man made possible. Among the poems collected to  
show diverse conceptions and personal beliefs of the "Reformation"  
is found. It is interesting to note that Arnold was charged with the  
man's soul and the religion of his people. Our new  
careful observer of the world in a religious sense is at the bottom  
of human affairs. It is not believed that the world is at the bottom  
of life, or that there can be a new world by ignoring the gods.  
or that there is any one who is not a part of the world that has come from  
and his offering for man's light of the old man's wisdom and reason.  
The controversy of the fundamentalist and the modernist  
is the latest argument in religion that has started the world and which  
has been a new world even as all others and which the world has  
more religiously than of old. Of the world we may be sure, idealism, moral  
life, beauty, and fairness of the world and are re-inspired by religious belief  
life, however they may be.

### The Problem

I like a church; I like a cowl;  
 I love a prophet of the soul;  
 And on my heart monastic aisles  
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;  
 Yet not for all his faith can see  
 Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,  
 Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;  
 Never from lip of cunning fell  
 The Delphic thrilling oracle;  
 Out from the heart of nature rolled  
 The burdens of the Bible old;  
 The litanies of nations came,  
 Like the volcanos tongue of flame,  
 Up from the burning core below,--  
 The canticles of love and woe;  
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome  
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
 Himself from God he could not free;  
 He builded better than he knew;  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knowst thou what wove yon wood-birds nest  
 Of leaves and feathers from her breast?  
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
 Painting with morn each annual cell?



The Problem

I like a sunset I like a dawn;  
I love a prospect of the sea;  
And on my heart domestic bliss  
Falls like sweet rain, or gentle snow;  
But not for all his life can see  
Would I that sweetest happiness be.  
Why should the world be his ally,  
Which I could not be any?  
Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful love young Eddies brought;  
Never from his of cunning told  
The delicate thrilling words;  
But from the heart of his own truth  
The burden of the world's old;  
The lifeline of nations came,  
Like the voice of a tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below,--  
The candles of love and woe;  
The hand that founded Peter's dome  
And groined the aisles of Christ's Rome  
Brought in a sad captivity;  
Himself from God he could not free;  
He builded better than he knew;  
The conscious stone he beauty gave.  
Knowest thou what were the wood-birds nest  
Of I weave and feather from her breast?  
Or how the thin sunlight her shell,  
Falling with soft and annual cell?

Or how the sacred pine tree adds  
 To her old leaves new myriads?  
 Such and so grow these holy piles,  
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
 As the best gem upon her ~~stone~~ <sup>stone</sup>,  
 And morning opees with haste her lids  
 To gaze upon the Pyramids;  
 O'er Englands Abbeys bend the skies,  
 As on its friends with kindred eye;  
 For out of thoughts interior sphere  
 These wonders rose to upper air;  
 And nature gladly gave them place,  
 Adopted them into her race,  
 And granted them an equal date  
 With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass  
 Art might obey but not surpass.  
 The passive Master lent his hand  
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;  
 And for the same power that reared the shrine  
 Bestrode the tribes that dwelt within.  
 Ever the fiery Pentecost  
 Girds with one flame the countless host,  
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
 And through the priest the mind inspires.  
 The word unto the prophet spoken  
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;  
 The word by seers or sibyls told,  
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,



Or how the sacred time flows on

To her old leaves and yesterday

Such and so grows these holy times

Unfaded love and terror late and times

Early precisely were the Parliament

As the best you mean her words

And morning ones with haste her side

To gaze upon the Elysian

Over Elysian's Abbey, dead the exile

As on the Elysian with kindred eyes

To a part of the night's interior where

These wonderful roses so sweet are

And nature gladly gave them place

Adopted them into her race

And granted them an equal date

With Andes and with Ararat

These temples grow as grows the grass

Are slight, obey and not surpass

The passive master lent his hand

To the vast soil that ever has been

And for the same power that tested the stone

Beat the tribes that dwell within

For the first Pentecost

Gifts with one flame the countless host

Through the heart through channels, choirs

And through the trumpet the mind inspires

The word unto the brother spoken

Was writ on tablets yet unbroken

The words of love and might are said

In groves of oak, or fountains of gold

Still floats upon the morning wind,  
 Still whispers to the thrilling mind.  
 One accent of the Holy Ghost  
 The heedless world hath never lost.

I know what say the fathers wish,--  
 The Book itself before me lies,  
 Old Chrysoston, best Augustine,  
 And he who blent both in his line,  
 The younger Golden Lips or mines,  
 Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.  
 His words are music in my ear,  
 I see his cowed portrait dear;  
 And yet, for all his faith could see,  
 I would not the good bishop be.

Ralph Waldo Emerson



32  
All is silent, when the morning wind,  
Softly whispers to the sleeping wind.  
One moment of the Holy Ghost  
The best of worlds hath never lost.  
I know what says the Father when--  
The Son himself before he dies,  
Old Carpenter, best Augustine,  
And he who bled for his line,  
The younger John than mine or mine,  
Taylor, the Father's heart of divines.  
His words are music in my ear,  
I see his lowly portrait dear;  
And yet, for all his faith could see,  
I could not the good passion be.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

## How The Women Went From Dover

Then, on they passed in the waning day,  
Through Seabrook woods, a weariful way;  
By great salt meadows and sandhills bare,  
And glimpses of blue sea everywhere.

By the meeting-house in Salisbury town,  
The sufferers stood in the red sunOdown,  
Bare for the lash, O pitying night,  
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the sight.

With shame in his eye and wrath on his lip  
The Salisbury constable dropp ed his whip.  
"This warrant means murder foul and red;  
Cursed is he who serves it", he said.

"Show me the order, and meanwhile strike  
A bl ow at your peril", said Justice Pike.  
Of all the rulers the land possessed,  
Wiseest and boldest was he and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft ; the priest he met  
As man meets man; his feet he set  
Beyond his dark age, standing upright,  
Soul-free, with hid face to the morning light.

He read the warrant; "These convey  
From our precincts; at every town on the way  
Give each ten lashes". 'God judge the brute.  
I tread his orders under my foot.

"Cut loose these poor ones and let them go;



How the stars look from Dover

Then, as they passed in the morning day,  
Through darkness and a fearful night;  
By great cold waters and waste of time,  
And silence of the sea and sky.

By the light of the stars in the night,  
The silent stars in the night;  
But for the light of the stars,  
They would have been lost in the night.

With stars in his eye and stars on his lip,  
The silent stars in the night;  
"This world means nothing to me,"  
Said he to the stars in the night.

There was the star, and the star in the night,  
A light in the night, and the star in the night;  
Of all the stars the light was the light,  
Wise and foolish as the stars in the night.

The light of the stars in the night;  
As the stars in the night;  
Behind the stars in the night;  
Behind the stars in the night.

He was the star in the night;  
From the stars in the night;  
Olive green and yellow, and the stars in the night;  
I found the stars in the night.

How the stars look from Dover

Come what will of it all men shall know  
 No warrant is good, though backed by the Crown,  
 For whipping women in Salisbury town".

The heart of the villagers half released  
 From creed of terror and rule of priest,  
 By a primal instinct owned the right  
 Of human pity in law's despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,  
 His Saxon manhood the yeoman kept;  
 Quicker or slower, the same blood ran  
 In the Cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in praise  
 And thanks. A last low sunset blaze  
 Flashed out from under a cloud, and shed  
 A golden glory on each bowed head.

The tale is one of an evil time,  
 When souls were fettered and thought was crime,  
 And heresy's whisper above its breath  
 Meant shameful scourging and bonds and death.

What marvel, that hunted and sorely tried  
 Every woman rebuked and prophesied,  
 And soft words rarely answered back  
 The grim persuasion of whip and rack;

If her cry from the whipping post and jail  
 Pierced sharp the Kenite's driven nail,  
 O woman, at ease in these happier days,  
 Forbear ye judge of your sister's ways.



Good night, with all the stars and moon

No answer is made, though reached by the Queen

For nothing seems in fairy land

The heart of the village well possessed

From each of towers and walls of grace

By a stream which flows to the sea

Of human life in law's domain

For such and chivalry a life alone

His name and name the Queen knew

Chivalry for such, the same blood ran

In the Cavalry and the Queen

The Queen's name in their hearts in their

And name, a last low name alone

Flames out from under a shield, and the

A golden glow on each bowed head

The name is one of the old name

When name was known and name was known

And name, a name that is the name

Heart of the name and name and name

And name, a name that is the name

Very name known and name known

And name, a name that is the name

The name known and name known

It was the name that is the name

It was the name that is the name

O name, a name that is the name

O name, a name that is the name

How much thy beautiful life may owe  
 To her faith and courage thou canst not know,  
 Nor how from the paths of thy calm re treat  
 She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding feet.

John Greenleaf Whittier

Caused by the warrant of Maj. Waldron, of Dover, in 1662



For now these are the terms of my call to order.  
The resolution, the House will not discuss.  
To hear the House and to vote on the House.  
For now these are the terms of my call to order.

Passed by the House of Representatives, in 1904.

Oh friends , with whom my feet have trod  
The quiet aisles of prayer,  
Glad witness to the zeal of God  
And love of man I bear,

I trace your lines of argument;  
Your logic linked and strong  
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,  
And fears a doubt a wrong.

But still my human hands are weak  
To hold your iron creeds,  
Against the world ye bid me speak  
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the eternal thought?  
Who talks of scheme and plan?  
The Lord is God. He needeth not  
The poor devise of man.

I walk with bare hshed feet the ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God.

Ye praise his justice; even such  
How pitying love I deem:  
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch  
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse that overbroods



On the hill, with their feet in the grass

The quiet of the morning

Of the silence of the world of men

And love of man I feel

I feel your love of nature

Your love of the world

I feel as you feel the world

And love of the world I feel

But still my heart is weak

To hold your love steady

Against the world's great sea

My heart is weak and glad

The future is the future

And love of the world I feel

The love of the world I feel

The love of the world I feel

I feel your love of nature

Your love of the world

I feel as you feel the world

And love of the world I feel

But still my heart is weak

To hold your love steady

Against the world's great sea

My heart is weak and glad

The future is the future

A world of pain and loss;

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I hear our Lord's beatitudes

And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within

Myself, alas, I know:

To o dark ye cannot paint the sin,

To o small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,

I veil mine eyes for shame,

And urge, in trembling self-distrust,

A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,

I feel the guilt within;

I hear, with groan and travail cries,

The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,

And tossed by storms and flood,

To one fixed trust my spirit clings;

I know that God is good.

Not mine to look where cherubim

And seraphs may not see.

But nothing can be good in him

Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below

I dare not throne above,

I know not of his hate, --I know

His goodness and his love.



A world of pain and loss;  
I hear the heart's lament,  
As prayer goes to the throne,  
Not that your children reach, within  
Myself, when I know  
To a dark ye cannot pass the veil,  
To a small the world's light,  
I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-defense,  
A prayer without a claim.  
I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within;  
I hear, when spoken, the lowly cry,  
The world condemns the sin.  
Yet, in the mediating work of angels,  
And raised by power and blood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;  
I know that God is good.  
Not time to look where cherubim  
And seraphim may not see,  
But nothing can be good as this  
Which evil is to me.  
The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not thence above,  
I know not of his face, -- I know  
His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greatness out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist , own  
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long.  
But God hath led my dear one on,  
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The brused reed he will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts he gave,  
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.



I think I have been blessed  
 Or givenness out of sight,  
 And, with the character of kindness, own  
 His judgments too are right.

I long for moments when I feel  
 To be vanishing into the air,  
 But God will not let me go  
 And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future holds  
 O' me, or what I may be,  
 Assured alone that life and death  
 His mercy understands.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
 To bear an earthly pain,  
 The blessed soul will not break  
 But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my soul I have,  
 Nor voice as fitting to move;  
 I can but give the gifts he gave,  
 And plead his love for love.

And so, amidst the silent sea  
 I wait the faithful day;  
 No more from him can come to me  
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where the angels live  
 Their thoughts are in the air;  
 I only know I cannot stir  
 The heart of him who is there.

O brothers, if my faith is vain,  
 If hopes like these betray,  
 Pray for me that my feet may gain  
 The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
 Thy creatures as they be,  
 Forgive me if too close I lean  
 My human heart on Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier



O brother, if you can hear me,

If you can hear my voice,

For I am here, my heart is true,

The love and faith is true.

And now, O Lord, my voice is true,

My heart is true, my voice is true,

Forgive me if I have been true,

My heart is true, my voice is true.

John Greenleaf Whittier

## Darest Thou Now O Soul

Darest thou now, O Soul ,  
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,  
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?  
  
No map there, nor guide,  
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of ~~human~~ hand,  
No r faces with blooming flesh, nor lips , nor eyes, are in the  
land.  
  
I know it not , O soul,  
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,--  
All waits undreamed of in that region, that inaccessible land.  
  
Ti ll when the tie is loosened,  
All but the ties eternal, Time, and Space,  
No r darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.  
  
Then we burst forth, we float,  
In Time and Sp ace , O soul, prepared for them,  
Equal, equipped at last,(O joy, O fruit of all,) them to ful-  
fill, O soul.

Walt Whitman



Dear Sir,

I am very glad to hear that you are well.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. H. H.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

I am sure you will find the enclosed of interest.

Yours faithfully,

## General William Booth Enters Into Heaven

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum--

(Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?)

The Saints smiled gravely and they said ; "He's come".

(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? )

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,

Lurching bravoos from the ditches dank,

Drabs from the alley ways and drug fiends pale--

Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail:--

Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,

Unwashed legions with the ways of Death---

(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Every slum had sent its half-a-score

The round world over, (Booth had groaned for more.)

Every banner that the wide world flies

Bloomed with glory and transcendant dyes.

Big-voiced lassies made their banjos bang,

Tranced, fanatical, they shrieked and sang:--

"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

Hallelujah. It was queer to see

Bull-necked convicts of that land made free.

Loons with trumpets blowed a blarem, blare, blare

On, on upward thro' the golden air.

( Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Booth died blind and still by faith he trod,

Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.

Booth led boldly, and he looked the chief

Eagle countenance in sharp relief,

Beard a flying, air of high command





Unabated in that holy land.

Jesus came from out the court-house door,  
 Stretched his hands above the passing poor.  
 Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there  
 Round and round the mighty court-house square.  
 Yet in an instant all that blear review  
 Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.  
 The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled  
 And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world.

Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole,  
 Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl.  
 Sages and sybils now, and athletes clean,  
 Rulers of empires and of forests green.

The hosts were sandalled, and their wings were fire,  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
 O, shout Salvation. IT was good to see  
 Kings, and Princes by the Lamb made free.  
 The banjos rattled and the tambourines  
 Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of Queens, .

And when Booth halted at the curb for prayer  
 He saw his master through the flag-filled air.  
 Christ came gently with a robe and crown  
 For Booth the soldier while the throng knelt down.  
 He saw King Jesus. They were face to face,  
 And he knelt a weeping in that holy place,  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Vachel Lindsay





## The Green Inn

I sicken of men's company,  
The crowded tavern's din,  
Where all day long with oath and song  
Sit they who entrance win,  
So come I out from noise and route  
To rest in God's green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse  
Or ragged coat and poor,  
But silence waits within the gates,  
And peace beside the door;  
The weary guest is welcomest,  
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,  
The floor is spread with pine;  
On my four walls the sunlight falls  
In golden flecks and fine;  
And swift and fleet on noiseless feet  
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set my store--  
Great drinks mixed cunningly,  
Wherein the scent of furze is blent  
With odor of the sea;  
As from a cup I drink it up  
To thrill the veins of me.

It is I will sit in God's Green Inn  
Unvexed by man or ghost,  
Yet ever fed and comforted,  
Companioned by mine host,



The Green Inn

I started to read a book,

The crowded tavern's dim,

There all day long with faint and long

At the door the entrance dim,

So come I out from noise and haste

To rest in God's green inn.

Here none may look to empty things

Or ragged coat and foot,

But all are welcome within the door,

And peace beside the door;

The weary guest is welcome,

The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and dim,

The floor is green with pine;

In my hand waits the shining bowl

In golden peace and time;

And soft and clear in melody the

The four winds bring me wine.

From my heart may see my share--

Great things mixed with things

For the heart of man is blind

With each of the day

As from a cup I drink the day

To drink the vintage of the

I'll be in God's green inn

Unseen by man or ghost,

Yet over food and comfort

Unseen by man or ghost.

And watched at night by that white light

High swung from coast to coast.

Oh, you who in the house of ~~grief~~ strife

Quarrel and game and sin,

Come out and see what cheer can be

For starveling souls and thin,

Who come at last from drought and fast

To sit in God' s Green Inn.

Theodosia Garrison



And before at night by the white light

High rising from the deep sea bed.

Oh, you are in the house of prayer and

hushed and calm and still.

Down out of the sky and down to be

For the living and the dead.

Yes, come at last from the deep sea bed

To us in God's green land.

Thos. W. Higginson

## Ep ilogue

At the midnight in the silence of the sleeptime,  
 When you set your fancies free,  
 Will they pass th where--by death, fools think , imprisoned  
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,

\*\*Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken,  
 What had I on earth to do  
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?  
 Like the aimless, helpk ess, hopeless, did I dravel

--Being--who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward  
 Never doubted clouds would break,  
 Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

No, at no on day in the bustle of man's work-time  
 Greet the unseen with a cheer.  
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
 "Strive and thrive", cry "Speed , --fight on, fare ever

There as here"?

Robert Browning



At the moment in the silence of the evening,  
 When you and your fancied lover,  
 Will then pass in shadowy dancing, foolish rhyme, imprisoned  
 Love no less and once we loved you, whom you loved us,

--Pity me?

Let to love me, be so loved, yet so mistaken,

What had I on earth to do

With the slightest, with the narrowest, the unsteady?

Like the albatross, help me, help me, did I travel

--Being--who?

One who never turned his back but watched over I forward

Never doubted of his words break,

Never dreamed though right were wrong, wrong would be right,

Held me fast to time, was called to fight better, sleep to none.

No, at no one day in the world of man's work-time

Spent the hours with a cheer.

Did him I loved, breast and back as other would be,

"Active and thrives", cry "Speed", --light on, late ever

There is here?

Robert Browning

Say not the struggle nought availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor availeth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent flooding in the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs, slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Arthur Clough



But not the struggle of the  
The labor and the struggle are vain,  
The struggle is not, nor is it vain,  
And the struggle have been vain.

It seems more than, there may be there;  
It may be in your hands, and  
Your hands are not, nor is it vain,  
And, but for you, the struggle is vain.

For the struggle is not, nor is it vain,  
But the struggle is not, nor is it vain,  
The struggle is not, nor is it vain,  
Come, the struggle is not, nor is it vain.

And not by the struggle is not, nor is it vain,  
The struggle is not, nor is it vain,  
In front, the struggle is not, nor is it vain,  
But the struggle is not, nor is it vain.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

## Immortality

Foiled by our fellow men, depressed, outworn,  
 We leave the brutal world to take its way,  
 And, Patience, in another life, we say,  
 The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne.

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn  
 The world's poor, routed leavings; or will they,  
 Who fail'd under the heat of this day's life  
 Support the fervors of the heavenly morn?

No, no, the energy of life may be  
 Kept on after the grave, but not begun;  
 And he who flagg'd not in the early strife,  
 From strength to strength advancing--only he,  
 His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,  
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

Matthew Arnold



Will'd by our nation's, forgotten, forgotten,  
He leaves his mortal world to pass the day,  
And, perhaps, in another life, we say,  
The world will be turned down, and we up-born.  
  
This will, perhaps, be a new world, a new  
The world's door, we feel, is open to all;  
The world's door, we feel, is open to all;  
Support the burden of the heavenly world.  
  
No, no, the energy of life may be  
Lost on earth, the grave, but not beyond;  
And in the field, I feel, is not in the early world,  
From earth to earth, the energy of life may be  
The soul will be, and all the world will be,  
The soul will be, and all the world will be,  
The soul will be, and all the world will be.

Matthew Arnold

Still he lingers , where wealth and fashion  
Meet togetherto dine or play,  
Lingers, a matter of vague compassion,  
Out in the darkness across the way;  
Out beyond the warmth and the glitter,  
And the light where luxury's laughter rings,  
Lazarus waits, where the wind is bitter,  
Receiving his evil things.

Still you find him, where breathless, burning  
Summer flames upon square and street,  
When the fortunate ones of the earth are turning  
Their thoughts to meadow and meadowsweets;  
For far away from the wide green valley,  
And the bramble patch where the white throat sings,  
Lazarus sits in his crowded alley,  
Receiving his evil things.

And all the time from a thousand rostrums  
Wise men preach upon him and his woes,  
Each with his bundle of noisy nostrums  
Torn to tatters twixt ayes and noes;  
Sage and Socialist, gush and glamor,  
Yet little relief their wisdom brings,  
For there's nothing for him out of all the clamor  
Nothing but evil things.

Royal commissions, creeds, convictions,  
Learnedly argue and write and speak,  
But the happy issue of his afflictions,  
Lazarus waits for it week by week.





Still he see it today, to morrow,  
 In purposeless pavement wanderings,  
 Or dreams it a huddled heap of sorrows,  
 Receiving his evil things.

And some will tell you of evolution  
 With social science thereto; and some  
 Look forth to the parable's retribution,  
 When the lot is changed in the life to come.  
 To the trumpet sound and the great awaking,  
 To One with healing upon his wings  
 In the house of the many mansions making  
 An end of the evil things.

In the name of Knowledge the race grows healthier,  
 In the name of Freedom the world grows great,  
 And men are wiser, and men are wealthier,  
 But-- Lazurus lies at the rich man's gate;  
 Lies as he lay through human history,  
 Through fame of heroes and pomp of kings--  
 At the rich man's gate, an abiding mystery,  
 Receiving his evil things.

Alfred Cochrane



And as the sun was setting,  
 The shadows of the night were falling,  
 The stars began to show their light,  
 And the moon was shining bright.

In the land of the living,  
 The spirits of the dead were rising,  
 And the souls of the departed,  
 Were coming back to life again.  
 In the land of the living,  
 The spirits of the dead were rising,  
 And the souls of the departed,  
 Were coming back to life again.

In the land of the living,  
 The spirits of the dead were rising,  
 And the souls of the departed,  
 Were coming back to life again.  
 In the land of the living,  
 The spirits of the dead were rising,  
 And the souls of the departed,  
 Were coming back to life again.

And the moon was shining bright.

Out of the dusk a shadow,  
Then, a spark;  
Out of the cloud a silence,  
Then, a lark;  
Out of the heart a rapture,  
Then a pain;  
Out of the dead, cold ashes,  
Life again.

John B. Tabb

Each In His Own Tongue

A fire-mist and a planet,--  
Acrystal and a cell,--  
A jelly fish and a saurian,  
And caves where the cave men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
And a face turned from the clod,--  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite , tender blue,  
The ripe rich tint of the cornfields,  
And the wild geese sailing high,--  
And all over upland and lowland,--  
The charm of the goldenrod,--  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,



Out of the dark, a shadow,

Then a light;

Ours of the night's silence,

Then, a light;

Out of the night, a shadow,

Then a light;

Out of the dark, a shadow,

Life again.

John G. Webb

Each in his Own Tongue

A first-class and a second-class,

Against and a side,

A jelly fish and a sea slug,

And caves where the cave men dwell;

Then a house of the dead and dead,

And a house turned from the side,

Some call it Evolution,

And others call it God.

A name on the far horizon,

The infinite, tender line,

The vast view of the world's side,

And the wild space sailing near,

And all over against the land,

The chain of the goldenrod,

Then at the call of God,

And others call it God.

Life again in a shadow's line.

When the moon is new and thin,  
 Into our hearts high yearnings  
 Come welling and surging in,--  
 Come from the mystic ocean  
 Whose rim no foot has trod,--  
 Some of us call it Longing,  
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,--  
 A mother starved for her brood,--  
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
 And Jesus on the rood;  
 And millions who, humble and nameless,  
 The straight, hard pathway plod,--  
 Some call it Consecration.  
 And others call it God.

William Carruth



And the word is new and thin,  
Into our hearts and language  
Come calling and singing in--  
Come from the world's town  
Where the no foot has trod,--  
Some of us call it longing,  
And others call it God.

A flower is born in the--  
A mother staves for her bread,--  
Socrates drinking the poison,  
And Jesus in the tomb;  
And millions who, lonely and nameless,  
The struggle, hard and long, and--  
Some call it communion,  
And others call it God.

Willie Carson

## Battle-Song Of Failure

We strain toward heaven and lay hold on hell;  
With starward eyes we stumble in hard ways,  
And to the moments when we see life well  
Succeeds the blindness of bewildered days,--  
But what of that ? In to the sullen flesh  
Our souls drive home the spur with splendid sting,  
Bleeding and soiled, we gird ourselves afresh,  
Forth, and make firm a highway for the King.

The loveless greed the centuries have stored  
In marshy foulness traps our wandering feet,  
The sins of men whom punishment ignored  
Like fever in our weakened pulses beat;  
But what of that? The shame is not to fall  
Nor is the victor's laurel everything.  
To fight until we fall is to prevail.  
Forth, and make firm a highway for the King.

Yea, cast our lives into the ancient slough,  
And fall we shouting with uplifted face;  
Over the spot where mired we struggle now  
Shall march in triumph a transfigured race.  
They shall exult where weary we have wept--  
They shall achieve where we have striven in vain--  
Leaping in vigor where we faintly crept,  
Joyous along the road we paved with ~~\*\*\*~~ pain.  
What though we seem to sink in the morass?  
Under those unborn feet our dust shall sing  
When o'er our failure perfect they shall pass.  
Forth, and make highway for the King.

Amelia Burr





There is no peace in Palestine;  
Dominion of the Prince of Peace;  
The land of honey and of wine,  
Of olives and the silver fleece.

"Jerusalem the Golden blest"--

Ah, so we sang the lovely psalm,--

Where for the weary is no rest,

And for the crucified no calm.

Where shall the exile lay his head?

Even the fox has found a place.

Must we still bleed? Have we not bled?

Need we new thorns to crown his face?

Shall our perpetual pettiness

Discover Him? Shall our eyes see,

Beyond our little No and Yes,

The final triumph of the tree?

The holy water in the well--

Is it not sweet to Gentile? Jew?

And shall the thirsting Infidel

Not find the water holy to o ?

Must the old bitter feuds offend

His ears? How long shall Israel call?

When shall the heartbreak know an end?

Our heartbreak at the Wailing Wall.

Joseph Auslander



There is no more to be said  
Of the love of honey and of wine,  
Of the love of honey and of wine,  
Of the love of honey and of wine.

"Remember the golden days"--  
As to the end the lovely name,  
There for the world is no rest,  
And for the world is no gain.

There shall the exile lay his head,  
Eye, the fox has found a place,  
But we still bleed! Have we not blood?  
Head as now the love of wine is lost!

Shall our golden days be lost?  
Remember him, shall our eyes see,  
Beyond our little life and love,  
The love of honey and of wine?

The holy water in the well--  
Is it not sweet as honey? Let  
And shall the love of wine be lost?  
Not that the water holy is?

Must the old love be lost?  
His secret, how long shall I live?  
And shall the love of wine be lost?  
Our secret, how long shall I live?

I have come forth alive from the land of purple and poison and glamour,  
Where the charm is strong as the torture, being chosen to change the mind;  
Torture of wordless dance and wineless feast without clamour,  
Palace hidden in palace, garden with garden behind;

Women veiled in the sun, or bare as brass in the shadows,  
And the endless eyeless patterns where each thing seems an eye-----  
And my stride is on Caesar's sand where it slides to the English meadows,  
To the last low woods of Sussex and the road that goes to Rye.

In the cool and careless woods the eyes of the eunuchs burned not,  
But the wild hawk went before me, being free to return to roam,  
The hills had broad unconscious backs; and the tree tops turned not,  
And the huts were heedless of me; and I knew I was at home.

And I saw my lady afar and her holy freedom upon her,  
A head, without veil, averted, and not to be turned with charms,  
And I heard above bannerets blown the intolerant trumpet of honor,  
That usher with iron laughter the coming of Christian arms.

My shield hangs stainless still; but I shall not go where they praise it,  
A sword is still at my side, but I shall not ride with the King.  
Only to walk and to walk and to stun my soul and amaze it,  
A day with the stone and the sparrow and every marvellous thing.

I have trod the curves of the Crescent, in the maze of them that adore it,  
Curved around doorless chambers and un beholden abodes,  
But I walk in the maze no more; on the sign of the cross I swore it,  
The wild white cross of freedom, the sign of the white cross-roads.



I have come forth from the East to meet you, and to tell you  
 that the cause is strong on the North, being chosen to change the  
 fortune of the South and North, and North and South.  
 Palace built in stone, garden with garden behind.

From valley in the East, up to the top of the mountain,  
 and the valley of the North, where each thing is a  
 and the valley is in the North, where each thing is a  
 To the last low valley of the North, where each thing is a

In the East and North, where each thing is a  
 But the wild West, where each thing is a  
 The North and North, where each thing is a  
 And the North, where each thing is a

And I see the North, where each thing is a  
 A North, where each thing is a  
 And I see the North, where each thing is a  
 That North, where each thing is a

To North, where each thing is a  
 A North, where each thing is a  
 Only to North, where each thing is a  
 A North, where each thing is a

I have tried to North, where each thing is a  
 North, where each thing is a  
 But I see the North, where each thing is a  
 The North, where each thing is a

And the land shall leave me or take, and the Woman take me or leave,  
There shall be no more Night, or nightmares seen in a glass;  
But life shall hold me alive, and Death shall never deceive me  
As long as I walk in England in the lanes that let me pass.

G. K. Chesterton



And the land shall leave us as I leave,  
There shall be no more light, or night  
For life shall hold me alive, and Death shall never receive me  
As long as I walk in England in the lanes that I have seen.

G. E. Chesterton

## VIII

## The National Outlook

"All night he sits and plays at solitaire,  
 A king upon an ace and then a queen,  
 And sips a little wine his games between  
 Or strolls out on the balcony for air,  
 Without, the foreign chatter in the square;  
 Within, rich hangings silk of rose and green,  
 Venetian glass, old bronze, an Orient screen,  
 And for his cards a teakwood stand and chair.

And time has mellowed his calm, unlined face  
 But cannot quite conceal the look of dread  
 That comes upon him---Black upon the red  
 And red upon the black, with easy grace  
 He plays his cards-- and draives back in his brain  
 The thought of trees and snow in Maine."

This little poem assumes that "God's own country" never loses its charm. But where is God's own country? Browning wails on his way to Italy "O h, to be in England, now that April's there" and Henry Van Dyke makes the heart of every American leap with "Home again! Home again! its there th that I would be". It is a curious thing this love of country, -- this something,-- the earth, the sky, the trees, the men, and women and things tha make us Americans, Englishmen, or what you will.

The pride of Americans is proverbial, no one can outdo him in patriotism. This semms strange when one considers that we are a composite folk. The Great War proved our national unity. No matter how devoted to his racial stock all men honored America first in our United States. Greek fought bee side Italian, Christian beside Jew, and negro regiments vied with Nordics in a common devotion to country. Southern and Northern prejudices were wipe off the slate.



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But our usual state is not one of war but of peace. Is there any danger in this nationalistic view point? The pacifist and the man with the international outlook will say ,yes. To be strictly honest it is a self-centered thing. It has not in it the Great Teachers plan of the brotherhood of man. It also has a tendency to be provincial and if we are to keep mentally up to the pacescience has set for us materially , we shall little time to be nationally minded. When railroads, air planes, and ocean liners encircle the world, not one country but all should be our heritage.

Evil men devoted to selfish interestoften cover themselves with the pleaof patriotism. Any criticism of our government is of a treasonable nature to them. To be truly democratic is to be critical of our government, if we can thereby better things. Gilbert Chesterton said of England, his country, "I have passed the greater part of my life in criticizing and condemning the existing rulers and institutions of my country . I think it is infinitely the most patriotic thing to do". If Americans were more critical , less willing to allow politicians to run the country, a little less smug in their prosperity, it might right some of our social evils. Under the plea of national expansion , men of wealth and influence trample upon the rights of others, the idle and frivolous give nothing and take constantly, and sectional groups develop interest that are local rather than even national.

To glory in the beauty of our scenery , to be proud of our public parks and buildings is our right and privilege; but to brag of our national prosperity is just plain common. Decatur's famous line, "My country right or wrong" has been grossly misinterpreted, he meant to infer that we should stand by her mistakes, but surely not uphold wrong policies. One of the old fallacies was that a country to be great must be feared. It is to be hoped that America's foreign policy has not borne out that idea.

We are not alone in our love of country and our faults are the same as those of other nations. The unification of Italy and Germany came only after years of fighting for this quality in their people.





John Galsworthy, in an address in the United States in 1919 attempted to explain his country men by showing certain influences that moulded the English character. He considered the following the most significant; the sea, the climate, the political age of his country, the preponderance of city life over rural, the democracy of the government, freedom of speech, and freedom from compulsory military training. We are much like the mother country. London is only a bigger Boston. It is all these things that make for nationalism and something more, an intangible thing--that thing that makes you so much more of an American after a trip to Europe. It is echoed in the Englishman's fervent 'thank God' as his foot hits the blessed London pavements.

Kipling in his "Seven Seas" celebrates the common blood and common memories of the English. And some way he gets over this national idea even to the remote colonists. His attempt to arouse England from its complacency before the Boer War is notable and it is to be remarked that this imperialistic poet was never moved to a martial gesture so a word of hatred or defiance to the enemy during this conflict.

In the poem "Dawn at Lexington" and "Splendid Isolation" one can easily see the beginnings of the national feeling in the American colonies. In a country as large as ours now, sectional interests are bound to be admired, The South ever boasts of its sunny, hospitality in contrast to the stiffer, colder manner of the North.

Edward Bok's poem "The Glory of all England" breathes a love of country that is a credit to any man. But the peer of national singers is Kipling. He, with Chesterton, plays his beloved England, but he stands by her through all. It is hoped the following poems will tell the story.



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 ground in London pavement.

Writing in his "Seven Seas" celebrates the common blood and the  
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 of the world before the war is notable and this is to be expected that this  
 patriotic poet was never moved to a partial gesture as a sort of protest or  
 defiance in the many during this conflict.

In the poem "Down at Lexington" and "England's Isolation" and  
 can easily see the beginning of the national feeling in the American north.  
 In a country as large as ours now, sectional interests are bound to be  
 evident. The South ever boasts of its army, hospitality in contrast to the  
 North, a colder manner of the North.

Edward Taylor's poem "The Glory of all England" presents a  
 love of country that is a credit to any man. But the poem of national unity  
 is missing. He is a Christian, like the beloved of the North, but he is  
 not by her through all. It is hoped the following poem will tell the story.

## Dawn at Lexington

Above the town of Lexington  
The moon was paler than

Herwont that April night.

A stealthy tramping through the dark,  
A menace drawing nigh,  
But flitting figures peer and hark,  
And speed the signal cry;  
"The British are coming, Arm!"  
A peal from the belfry; then  
The throb of drum, the wild alarm,  
While from village home and fringing farm  
Flock in the minute-men.

Already the parsonage windows glint,  
For Paul Revere and Dawes  
With hoofs of galloping horses dint  
The turf, rein up. a pause  
Till the warning word is aid;  
Then for Concord on they race,  
While Hancock, a price on his comely head,  
And old Sam Adams are quickly led  
Through the woods to a hiding place.

With those rebels hunted from Lexington  
Dorothy Quincy ran,

Cheering her lover's plight.

And many gray shadows in that whist hour  
Of the waning moon slip through  
Dim lanes and across vague fields whose flowers  
Slumber beneath their dew,  
Till beside the House of Prayer,



Passing at Lexington

Across the town of Lexington  
The road was quiet then

Between that April night

A steady flowing through the town

A moment standing high

Not filling lightest feet and heart

And passed the night away

"The British are coming, they are!"

I hear from the village then

The sound of drum, the wild alarm

While from village home and town

Flare in the smoke-rose

Already the darkness without light

For Paul Revere and Dawes

With words of a thrilling message

The hour, when it is a pause

Will the dawn, soon be light

When for Concord on they race

And the Hancock, a prize on the enemy's quest

And old Sam Adams the sentinel set

Through the woods to a hiding place

With hope reborn from Lexington

For the British, they are

Unseen by the enemy's sight

And many the British in that quiet hour

Of the night - and all through

The road and across the fields - across the town

Unseen by the enemy's sight

And the British in the town of Lexington

Whither one and another runs  
For the powder and shot secreted there  
In its old slave gallery, stands a fair  
Muster of sires and sons.

Captain John Parker, a fowling piece  
On shoulder, aligns that band  
Of neighbors, uniformed at caprice  
But each in resolute hand  
Gripping musket, across the green,  
Seventy- seven to block  
The path of four hundred, yet serene  
His face undaunted his mien,  
Biding the battle-shock.

In the budding trees of Lexington  
The birds their chant began  
Before the East was white.

But who may heed the tender call  
Of the bluebird? For from out  
The windows of those homes so small,  
So dear, clustered about  
The Green, child-faces peep  
Pink as the peach trees sprays  
With drowsy wonder, women keep  
Watch too intense for eyes to weep,  
While love in anguish prays.

Oh, who may hear the robin thrill?  
For volley' s rend the air.  
In his daughter's view Monroe lies still,  
Blood on his silver hair.  
Jonathan Harrington reels



...and the old woman's face  
For the world and that ancient light  
In the old stone gallery, stands a fair  
Master of silver and stone.

Captain John Parker, a bowing man  
On shoulder, slight that hand  
Of neighbor, unforgotten at variance  
But each in resolve hand  
Bringing master, across the green  
Seventy-seven as black  
The path of foot hundred, yet serene  
His face unshaken his mind,  
Siding the battle-noon.

In the fading press of boxing men  
The light came down again  
Before the last was white.

But who had the tender call  
Of the gladiator for from out  
The shadow of their name to recall  
To heart, cleared soul  
The green, white-fleshed man  
First of the world these days  
With twenty wounds, worn away  
Then for defense for yet to stand,  
While love in English prayer.

Oh, and my heart was cold still?  
For yellow, a road the air  
In the light, view where the light still  
Glow in the silver light  
...and the old woman's face

Towards the door where his wife has run  
Only to clasp him as he feels  
Death' s closer clasp. And silence seals  
Five more ere rise of sun.

Their names are carved in Lexington  
For reverent eyes to scan,  
The fallen of the Fight.

With proud huzzas the Redcoats take  
The Concord road and leave  
The dead who see no morning break  
Nor hear their widows grieve;  
The wounded, not alone  
White patriots, but a slave,  
Prince Estabrook of jungle throne,  
Who for a freedom not his own  
His blood that morning gave.

Daybreak, as if doors of gold  
Had been flung wide in Heaven  
To welcome from the crimson mould  
The spirits of those seven,  
Our home-spun heroes, prone  
Amid bruised anemone  
And violet on the Common known  
Henceforth as holy ground, our own  
Valiant Thermopylae.

Oh, dawn that rose on Lexington,  
New liberties for man,  
Flooding the world with light!

Katherine Lee Bates



For many a year, the world has been

And so it is, and so it will be

Death, a bitter cry, and silence

Five more are the same

Their names are carved in limestone  
For ever and ever, to men,  
The fallen of the field.

With green grass, the flowers are

The flowers that grow and leave

The dead are not forgotten

For their loved ones grieve;

The who, the, the who

White petals, but a grave,

White petals, but a grave,

And for a freedom not his own

His life on that morning

Daybreak, on the shore of gold

And soon they will be

Is welcome from the distant world

The soldiers of the world

For peace, peace, peace

And peace, peace

And peace, peace

Peace, peace, peace

Peace, peace, peace

Oh, how they love the world,  
The world, the world,  
The world, the world, the world!

Oh but my husband, Matthew,  
Was a slip from a crab apple tree!  
I laughed when we women would punish  
King George by giving up tea!  
(How I missed my cup of Bohea)  
"So I have my sling in the morning,  
My blackstrap at noon," said he,  
"And my toddy at night, you'll not see me fight  
For the sake of a swallow of tea.  
What does it matter to me?"

The neighbors pointed a finger,  
But he only chuckled to see.  
Not even with Parson Jonas Clarke  
Would my countryman agree,  
When Parson thundered against the five  
Intolerable Acts.  
Til the meeting-house hummed like an angry hive,  
Matthew would mutter: "I'm still alive,  
And my arms and legs are free.  
What does it matter to me?"

That Tuesday I had been brewing  
A fresh lot of beer for the flip  
That Matthew will gulp by the mugful?  
While of tea I have never a sip.  
(But we've got King George on the hip! )  
I'd been baking and sanding and scouring,  
So I lighted a tallow dip  
Ti red bones to balm with a blessed psalm,  
When a knock sent Rhoda, our slip



On that my husband, William,  
 was a ship from a small island  
 I suggest when we women would punish  
 King George by giving us tea!  
 (Now I missed my cup of tea)  
 "So I have my ship in the harbor,  
 my blacksmith at noon," said he,  
 "And my body at night, I don't see me right  
 For the sake of a nation of tea.  
 What does it matter to me?"  
 The neighbor pointed a finger,  
 But he only chuckled to see,  
 Not even with Baron John Clarke  
 Would my countryman agree,  
 When Baron thundered against the five  
 Intolerable acts.  
 Till the meeting-house turned him an angry five,  
 William would mutter: "It's still alive,  
 And my arms and legs are free.  
 What does it matter to me?"  
 That Tuesday I had been brewing  
 A fresh lot of beer for the ship  
 That father will give to the ship!  
 While he was I have never a ship.  
 (But we've got King George on the ship)  
 I'll be a drink and waiting and waiting,  
 So I lighted a pipe for him  
 To see how a pipe with a flowered trail,  
 From a small boat floated out with

Of a lass, to the door with a scip.

But her face that had been so rosy

--And all for a lad in his teens--

Went white as she saw three strangers stand,

Their cloaks drawn close for screens.

A whisk of wind and the moonlight showed

Fl ecks of the hated red.

Without a word these tall shapes strode

To our great brick oven; they stole its load

And back into darkness fled

With our supper of beans and brawn bread.

The lobsters! I hope their noses

Were burned on the bean pot rim.

Ho me came my hungry Matthew,

His mouth uncommonly grim

As I told my tale with a vim.

He stooped with the flickering candle

To that oven empty and dim,

Then rose and sprung where his flintlock hung,

A patriot up to the brim!

At last it mattered to him.

Katherine Lee Bates



Or a last, of the dark, with a sigh,  
But her face was not seen as they  
--And all for a lot of his tears--  
Went white as the snow beneath the stars,  
Their clocks drawn close for a moment,  
A white of wine and the moonlight seemed  
No more of the faded red.  
Without a word these fell shadowy words  
To our great white over; they stole the food  
And back into darkness fled  
Like our night of home and green bread.  
The lantern! I hope their eyes  
Were turned on the beam of him.  
No more my hungry lantern,  
His words were empty as air  
As I told my tale with a sigh.  
He stood with the following candle  
To light even empty air,  
Then rose and went where his shadow hung  
A pattern on the wall  
As fast it melted to him.  
Following the light

## The Gl o ry of all England

There are some who think of England with its ways of shell-pink may,  
 ( And thse who ne'er have seen them have ne'er seen Heaven's Spring)  
 When God is whispering in a world of softly falling rain;  
 They think of fox-gloved highways whivh the Queen shares with her laces

And the hedge rose nestles close;  
 Of its 'igh 'olly 'edges and its woods of rhododendrons an their growth of tw  
 men high:

Of its crags and banks "where the wild thyme grows" and its glens of  
 Heather tongue fern:

Of i ts moors of purple heather, and its heaths of peaceful sheep  
 Where storms are lover's ever, and the winds are welcome friends.

There are those who think of England with its gardens drenched with dew;  
 Where the rose takes on a glory unsurpassed;  
 Where the poppies shed their fool caps and close wiyh evenings dusk,  
 And the primrose opes its petals and greets the new white moon;  
 Where the wllflower's gold and the larkspur's blue  
 Hold court with the chaliced lily so fu;; of the night's sweet dew;  
 With all enclosed by a southern wall where the peaches sun their cheeks  
 And the buri d fruits 'grow luscious foe Devon's far-famed cream  
 With a lavender walk for an aisle of myrrh  
 That leads to a white farm gate.

But the glory of the garden is not the greatest glory of the foue-leaved  
 -ritish Crown;

The glory of all England, supreme and undefiled

Are the trees that spread their branches o'er Britain's hard fought lands  
 The trees that bring the nightingale to Oxted and the lark to Windsor's pine  
 The tall dark pines that stand like sentinels before the citadels of night.  
 The limpid linden and the leafy limes; the song trees of the roads;



There are none and none in England with the way of earth-king's way.

(And then who he'er have been there have been there's been there)

There is no one in the world of earth-king's way.

They think of the old ways with the old ways with the old ways

And the night's the night's the night's

Of the 'old' ways of the world of earth-king's way

And then

Of the old ways and the old ways and the old ways

And then the night's the night's the night's

Of the old ways of the world of earth-king's way

And then the night's the night's the night's

There are those who think of England with the old ways with the old ways

And then the night's the night's the night's

And then the night's the night's the night's

And then the night's the night's the night's

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And then the night's the night's the night's

The spired srruce: the cathedral tree of legend of which a Saviour's cross  
was hewn;

The hemlock'that has senn the rule and fall of England's kings and the tra-  
gedies of Queens:

The larch of lacy green: as soft and gentle as an infant's breathyet  
counts its age in centuries of time;

The feathery fûr: the white clad minister of wintry days:

The cool green yew: "that yew trees shade" in which an elegy is writ;

The oak, that majesty of strength defying storms and time and space:

Symbols of Britains strength are these; frm Roman days and Saxon rule.

Let others sing of England's roses fair: of her heather and her May;

But to me:

The glory of all England is in her trees sublime:

The lordly trees of Arthur's time.'

Edward Bok



The first speech was delivered by the late Mr. Justice Brandeis.

and many

The second speech was given by the late Mr. Justice Brandeis.

speech of the day

The third speech was given by the late Mr. Justice Brandeis.

speech of the day

The fourth speech was given by the late Mr. Justice Brandeis.

The fifth speech was given by the late Mr. Justice Brandeis.

The sixth speech was given by the late Mr. Justice Brandeis.

The seventh speech was given by the late Mr. Justice Brandeis.

The eighth speech was given by the late Mr. Justice Brandeis.

and so on

The ninth speech was given by the late Mr. Justice Brandeis.

The tenth speech was given by the late Mr. Justice Brandeis.

speech of the day

## South Song

I'm for the South,--for the black-eyed South  
 With art on its fingers and love on its mouth,  
 With scent on the stars of its eyes, and its tunes  
 From beauty's warm lips on the bride-bed of June.

Oh, the North folk are grim folk  
 From Shetland east to Maine;  
 Brooding lonely grim folk,  
 Plagued with the lust for pain;  
 So I'm for the clear-souled South Folk  
 Of Richmond and Rome and Spain.

Woe is the lot of the North Lands,  
 North of fifty-three, --  
 Of the sin-eating, blood-sweating north lands  
 That kneel with a knotted knee:  
 Gorky's dazed folk of the north lands  
 Fiona's wierd folk of the north lands;  
 And Ibsen's dour folk of the sea.

Brooding and bale in the north nights;  
 Hard strife for the days short span;  
 And a grim gray fate for the souls that mate  
 Where toil is the measure of man;  
 Where the great blond gray-eyed North Folk,  
 The Berserker moralist north folk,  
 Gloom and fume in the starlight,  
 Hate and mate in the moonlight,  
 Dream and scheme by the lamplight--  
 Till the earth runs red with their wars.



For the South,--for the blue-gray South  
With all its lights and love on its wings,  
With secret on its heart of its eyes, and its lines  
From beauty, a warm life on the bird-like of June.

Oh, the North, folk are folk  
From England and to Maine;  
Brood, lonely folk,  
Eligible with the best for gain;  
So I'm for the clear-sighted South folk  
Of Richmond and Rome and again.

Was it the lot of the North folk,  
North of fifty-three,--  
Of the six-week, blue-weathered north land  
That lived with a lonely heart;  
Gorge's dark folk of the north land  
Pioneers' wild folk of the north land;  
And I've seen a dark folk of the sea.

Passing and gone in the north night;  
Here the folk for the days and years;  
And a folk that for the folk that were  
That folk is the master of day  
There the great blue-gray South folk,  
The Governor's north folk,  
Glean and reap in the twilight,  
Here and there in the morning,  
Hush and hush by the twilight--  
Still the folk that with their eyes.

So I 'm for the South,--for the black-eyed South  
 With art in its fingers and love on its mouth,  
 With scent in the stars of its eyes, and its tune  
 From Beauty' s warm lips on the Bride-bed of J une.

Roy Helton

Under the red and the jet,

Waiting the judgment day--

Under the rose, the Blue,

Under the willow, the Gray.

These in the robing of glory,

These in the glow of defeat,

All with the battle-blood glori,

In the dash of eternally rest:

Under the red and the jet,

Waiting the judgment day--

Under the laurel, the Blue,

Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours

The Sorrowful mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers,

Alike for the friend and the foe--

Under the red and the jet,

Waiting the judgment day--

Under the rose, the Blue,

Under the willow, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor

The wedding and the veil,

With a touch impartially tender,



170  
as I am for the South--for the black--good South  
With all its fingers and toes in its grasp,  
with words in the state of its eyes, and its tongue  
From Georgia, a warm line on the White-bell of 1860.

My Mother

## The Blue and the Gray

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:--  
Under the sod and the dew ,  
Waiting the judgment day:--  
Under the one, the Blue;  
Under the other , the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
Those in the gloom of defeat,  
All with the battle-blood glory,  
In the dusk of eternity meet;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day:--  
Under the laurel , the Blue;  
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe:--  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day:--  
Under the rosed, the Blue,  
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor  
The morning sun-rays fall,  
With a touch impartially tender,



The Wind and the Tree

By the flow of the inland river,  
 Whence the flocks of geese have fled,  
 Under the blades of the grass-green driver,  
 A leafy and the leaf of the tree:--

Under the foot and the tree,

Waiting the judgment day:--

Under the sun, the river;

Under the ether, the tree.

Those in the robes of glory,

Those in the robes of defeat,

All with the battle-blood glory,

In the hour of eternity meet;

Under the foot and the tree,

Waiting the judgment day:--

Under the sun, the river;

Under the ether, the tree.

From the flocks of geese have fled,

The flocks of geese have fled,

Under the sun, the river;

All with the battle-blood glory,

Under the foot and the tree,

Waiting the judgment day:--

Under the sun, the river;

Under the ether, the tree.

From the flocks of geese have fled,

The flocks of geese have fled,

Under the sun, the river;

On the blossoms blooming for all:--

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day: --

Broidered with gold, the Blue;

Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,

On forest and field of grain,

With an equal murmur falleth

The cooling drips of the rain:--

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day:--

Wet with rain the Blue ;

Wet with rain, the Gray.

Safely, but not with upbraiding,

The generous deed was done.

In the storms of the years that are fading

No braver battle was won ;

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day:--

Under the blossoms, the Blue;

Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,

Or the winding rivers be red;

They banish our anger forever

When they laurel the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day: --

Love and tears for the Blue;

Tears and love for the Gray.



On the blossom-blossom, for a while--

Under the red and the day,

Waiting the judgment day:--

Brothered with gold, the blue;

Followed with gold, the grey.

So, when the summer came,

On forest and fields of grain,

With an equal number fallen

The cooling days of the rain:--

Under the red and the day,

Waiting the judgment day:--

Yet with rain the blue;

Yet with rain, the grey.

Waiting, but not with regret,

The generous days are done.

In the storm of the year, and at last

No power battle was won;

Under the red and the day,

Waiting the judgment day:--

Under the blossom, the blue;

Under the garden, the grey.

No more shall the day be grey,

Or the shining river be red;

They begin the year forever

When they launch the greenest of the sea!

Under the red and the day,

Waiting the judgment day:--

So we wait for the blue;

And we wait for the grey.

For all we have and are,

For all our children's fate,

Stand up and meet the war,  
The ~~Hun~~\* Hun is at the gate!

Our world has passed away

In wantonness o'erthrown.

There is nothing left today

But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,

The old departments stand:

"In courage keep your heart,

In strength lift up your hand".

Once more we hear the word

That sickened earth of old:

"No law except the sword

Unsheathed and uncontrolled".

Once more it knits mankind,

Once more the nations go

To meet and break and bind

A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight--

The ages slow-bought gain--

They shrivelled in a night,

Only ourselves remain.

To face the naked days

In silent fortitude,

Through perils and dismays

Renewed and re-renewed.



For all we love and care,  
For all our children's sake,  
Stand up and meet the war,  
The M.M. has it at the gate!  
Our world has passed away,  
I want to see it again,  
There is nothing left today,  
But steel and fire and flame,  
Though all we know is war,  
The old world is no more,  
In courage keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand.

Once more we hear the word  
That echoes earth and air,  
"We have won the war"  
Unhatched and unscathed.

Once more it calls mankind,  
Once more we nations go  
To meet and break and bind  
A crown and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight--  
The eyes are closed again--  
They dwell in a night,  
Only ourselves remain.

To face the night days  
In silent torments,  
Through perils and dangers  
Unhatched and unscathed.

Though all we made depart,  
The old commandments stand;

"In patience keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hope or lies  
Shall bring us to our goal,  
But iron sacrifice  
Of body, will, and soul.

There is but one task for all--  
For each one life is given--  
Who stands if freedom fall?  
Who dies if England live?

Rudyard Kipling



13  
Though all we need depart,  
The old commandments stand;

"In patience keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hour or day  
Shall bring us to our goal,  
But from sacrifice  
Of body, will, and soul.

There is but one task for all--  
For each one life is given--  
Who stands in freedom fall?  
Who dies in England lives?

Robert Nisling

## England to Freemen

Men of my blood, you English men!  
From misty hill and misty fen,  
From cot, and town, and plough, and moor;  
Come in ---before I shut the door!  
Into my courtyard paved with stones  
That keep the names, that keep the bones,  
Of none but English men who came  
Free of their lives, to guard my fame.

I am your native land who bred  
No driven heart, no driven head;  
I fly a flag in every sea  
Round the old Earth, of Liberty!  
I am the land that boasts a crown;  
The sun comes up, the sun goes down--  
And never men may say of me,  
Mine is a breed that is not free.

I have a wreath! My forehead wears  
A hundred leaves-- a hundred years  
I never knew the words: "You must!"  
And shall my wreath return to dust?  
Freemen.' The door is yet ajar;  
From northern star to southern star,  
O ye who count and ye who delve,  
Come in--before my clock strikes twelve!

John Galsworthy





## Lines Written In Surry ,1917

A sudden swirl of song in the bright sky---  
 The little lark adoring his lord the sun;  
 Across the corn the lazy ripples run;  
 Under the eaves, conferring drowsily,  
 Doves droop or amble; the agile waterfly  
 Wrinkles the pool; and flowers, gay and dim,  
 Rose, bluebell, rhododendron, one by one,  
 The buccaneering bees prove busily.

Ah, who can trace this tranquil loveliness  
 In verse felicitous?--no measure tells;  
 But gazing on her bosom we can guess  
 Why men strike hard for England in red hells,  
 Falling on dreams, 'mid deaths extreme caress,  
 Of English daises dancing in English dells.

George Herbert Clarke



James Madison, 1800, 1817

And then, with a song in the night sky—

The little bird, soaring high above the sea;

And then, with a song in the night sky—

Under the stars, counting slowly,

Down from the earth; the little bird,

Stretching the body; and, above, gay and blue,

Now, little bird, stretch, and, above,

The descending bird, above, slowly.

And, with a song in the night sky—

In voice, following—no, no, no, no,

But, with a song in the night sky—

Now, with a song in the night sky—

Following, with a song in the night sky—

Of English, with a song in the night sky—

Now, with a song in the night sky—

## Vive La France

Franceline rose in the dawning gray,  
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,  
For her man Michel had holiday,  
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle side,  
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:  
"If I have but one prayer, dear crucified  
Christ--save France!

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,  
Carry me safe to the meeting place,  
Let me look once again in my dear ones face  
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he 'll be,  
Little three months old, to set eyes on thee!  
For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,  
'A son to France! "

"Come, now, be good, little stray sautrelle,  
For we' re going bye-bye to thy papa Michel,  
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,  
Little pigeon of France!

"Six days leave and a year between!  
But what would you have? In six days clean,  
Heaven was made," said Franceline,  
Heaven and France".

She came to the town of the nameless name,  
To the marching troops in the streets she came,



Praying eyes in the shining gray,

And her hands were raised and held in prayer,

For her own child's best welfare.

Lighted for France.

She ofered her prayer by the window side,

And with her hands folded in prayer she cried:

"If I have but one prayer, dear Father!

Christ--save France!

"But if I have two, then, my Father, Grace,

Grant me grace to be the besting slave,

Let me have grace to be the besting slave,

And a sign for France!"

And answered to her boy: "Oh, how glad am I to be,

Little mother, mother dear, to see you on this!

For, 'twas you that said, 'twas I give, 'twas he,

"A sign for France!"

"Come, now, be good, little boy, Father's life,

For me, 'twas you that said, 'twas he, 'twas I,

But I'll not say where for that sign was given,

Little boy, of France!"

"Six days have and a year between!

But what would you have? In the days of old,

Heaven was with me, 'twas I, 'twas he,

Heaven was with France!"

She came to the door of the window pane,

To the window pane in the window pane,

And she held high her boy like a taper flame

Burning for France!

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,

Silent they march like a pantomime;

"But what heed of music? My heart beats time--

Vive La France!

His regiment comes, Oh, then, where is he?

"There is dust in my eyes for I cannot see,--

Is that my Michel to the right of thee,

Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,--

"Yesterday--'twas a splinter of shell--

And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,

Dying for France!"

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed

Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,

As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:

"Vive La France! "

Charlotte Holmes Crawford



And she said, "I am a poor girl."

"Glad to hear it!"

"You have the same name as my mother."

"I have the same name as my mother."

"And what name is that?"

"It is the same."

"The same name as my mother?"

"There is a name for I cannot see."

"Is that the name of the girl?"

"Soldier of France?"

"Then you are a soldier's daughter?"

"Yesterday, I was a soldier's daughter."

"And he called her name, did he not?"

"Yes, for France!"

"The name of the girl who was your mother?"

"A name, dear, of the girl who was my mother."

"As the girl who was my mother, and so on."

"Yes, for France!"

"Glad to hear it!"

## On The Italian Front

"I will die cheering , if I needs must die;  
 So shall my last breath write upon my lips  
 Viva Italia.' when my spirit slips  
 Down the great darkness from the mountain sky;  
 And those who shall behold me where I lie  
 Shall murmur: 'Look you .' how his spirit dips  
 From glory into glory! the eclipse  
 Of death is vanquished.' Lo, his victor cry!"

"Live, thou, upon my lips, Italia mine,  
 The sacred death cry of my frozen lips!  
 Let thy dear light from thy dead body shine  
 And to the passers-by my message say:  
 Ecco! though heaven has made my skies divine,  
 My son's love sanctifies my soil for aye! "

George Edward Woodberry



"I will be answering, if I could - that this  
So shall my heart break wide open my lips  
Viva Italia! Viva my spirit's life  
Down to Great Britain from the mountains top;  
And those who shall behold me there I lie  
Shall answer: 'Look you, 'tis the spirit's life  
From glory into glory! the soldier's  
O I shall be remembered, 'tis the victor cry!"

"Live, live, my life, Italia mine,  
The sacred heart of my brave life!  
Let my heart sing from my last body mine  
And to the glory of my nation cry:  
Lead! though heaven has made up their divine,  
My soul's love sanctifies my soul for ever!"

George Edgar & Son

Shadow by shadow, stripped for fight,  
The lean black crusiers search the sea.  
Night long their level shafts of light  
Revolve, and find no enemy.  
Only they know each leaping wave  
May hide the lightning, and their grave.

And in the land they guard so well  
Is there no silent watch to keep?  
An age is dying, and the bell  
Rings midnight on a vaster deep.  
But over all its waves, once more  
The searchlights move, from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,  
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,  
And voices that we thought were fled,  
Arise, and callus, and we come:  
And "Search in thine own soul," they cry;  
"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

Search for the foe in thine own soul,  
The sloth, the intellectual pride;  
The trivial jests that veils the goal  
For which our fathers lived and died;  
The lawless dreams, the cynic art,  
That rend thy nobler self apart.

Not far, not far into the night,  
These level swords of light can pierce;  
Yet for her faith does England fight,





Her faith in this our universe,  
Believing truth and justice draw  
From founts of everlasting law;

The law that rules the stars, our stay,  
Our compass through the world's wide sea,  
The one sure light, the one sure way,  
The one firm base of Liberty,  
The one firm road that men have trod  
Through Chaos to the throne of God.

Therefore a power above the State,  
The unconquerable Power, returns,  
The fire, the fire that made her great  
Once more upon her altar burns,  
Once more redeemed and healed and whole,  
She moves to the eternal goal.

Alfred Noyes



For I have seen the light of day

And I have seen the light of day

From the light of evening

The light that comes from the stars, our stars,

Our compass, through the world's wide sea,

The one true light, the one true way,

The one true path of life and death,

The one true path that leads us to

Through the light of the stars of God.

Therefore a power above the stars,

The incomparable power, returns,

The light, the light that leads us to

Once more upon the stars of God,

Once more, returns, the light and whole,

Our power to the stars of God.

Alfred Joyce

## The Old Men

Because we know we have breath in our mouth and think we have

thought in our head,

We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are really dead.

We shall not acknowledge that old stars fade, or alien planets rise,

Or any new compass wherewith new men adventure 'neath new skies.

We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our youth to bind

on our children's hands;

We shall call to the water below the bridges to return and re-

plenish our lands;

We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses), and scholarly

plow the sands.

We shall lie down in the eye of the sun for lack of a light on

our way--

We shall rise up when the day is done, and chirrup, "Behold it is

day",

We shall abide till the battle is won ere we amble into the fray.

Rudyard Kipling



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Rudyard Kipling





No doubt that you are the people--your friends are the King's.

There comes in your presence and my accessible things;

Being the head in working, bending the knee in fear--

Bringing the word and the word--such as a king should bear.

Remotely by your careful fathers, raised by your leaders now.

Long did we wait in silence and long life down at ease;

Will you be of the world, "What is the" of the world, "It is far from me to

Will you be a lot of your children's hearts and a lot of your eyes men.

It stopped your ears to the warning--you would neither look nor heed--

It set your hearts before their feet and your feet before their feet.

Between of your silence learning and your hearts of water and bread.

It trusted your hearts to their silence and your feet to their silence.

It forced them to listen in the silence the stars for the planets that

brought;

It forced them to follow in silence the stars that you never taught.

It blustered and bargained and bargained: you turned out of sight and away.

Those that would serve you for honor and those that would serve you for pay.

There were the judgments between them and your silence revealed.

At the hands of a little people, few but not in the field.

Yet you were saved by a remnant (and your land's long suffering stand).

When your silence was broken in their silence and your silence was broken.

the war.

Scars of the shattered city--wounds, unhealed, unhealed--

It pushed them from the battle as you pushed them from the street.

And that did you look that should compare with what I learned in a dream.

Now, with the occasion of the first view of death.

So. And ye train your horses and the dogs ye train and prize?

How are the beast more worthy than the souls ye sacrifice?

But ye said "their valor shall show them"; but ye said, "The end is close

And ye sent them comforts and pictures to help them harry the foes.

And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye flaunted your iron pride,

Ere--ye fawned on the younger nations for the men who could shoot and  
ride.

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your soul--

With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddled oafs at the goals.

Rudyard Kipling



And you think your horses and the dogs you train are wise?

How are the best men working? Is the world as a whole?

But you said "I don't want them" when I said, "The best is also"

And you want them now? Is the world as a whole?

And you want them now? Is the world as a whole?

And you want them now? Is the world as a whole?

And

And you want them now? Is the world as a whole?

And you want them now? Is the world as a whole?

And you want them now?

## Out of Nationalism Comes Internationalism

Common interests gives a solid foundation to nationalism. As nationalism became intensified and science made possible new means of transportation and goods were carried from country to country, so people began to amalgamate. Foreign travel increased to an astonishing rate and those of medium means were able to travel as well as the wealthy. The inevitable result was a better understanding of one another's ideals and institutions. The economic dependency also tended to bind the various peoples together. No nation today is self-sufficient. The era of national isolation is over, we are now an integral part of the world.

Internationalism is feared by many who see in it the downfall of nationalism. This is the greatest of mistakes. It is just an ever widening circle. Democracy, whether we like it or not, is the coming government of the world. We have had a longer period of experiment than other nations and should be a help to them. The size of our country makes the working out of this type of rule extremely difficult, but we are succeeding in the main,

War is not the only thing we need international organization for. The increasing number of activities that are world wide, such as shipping, raw materials, control of disease, labor questions, and innumerable others need cooperative methods. The League of Nations may not be the best scheme, but it is a start, and from it some plan can be evolved to straighten things out. Let us be open to criticism, let us examine all suggestions, let us not be too smug. It may and probably will involve sacrifice. Even if we are the leading nation in the world we can't always have our way. We pride ourselves upon our individual sporting blood. Can we not as a nation be good sports?

There is work to be done in this international business for others than statesmen. It is a problem for moralists, editors, preachers, philosophers, and above all for educators. It is up to the latter as to what the next generation shall think. Can we teach social democracy? We don't know. We



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should be a help to them. The size of our country makes the working out of

this type of rule extremely difficult, but we are succeeding in the main.

War is not the only thing we need international organization for.

The increasing number of activities that are world wide, such as shipping,

the materials, control of disease, labor questions, and numerous others

need cooperative methods. The League of Nations may not be the best scheme,

but it is a start, and from it some plan can be evolved to strengthen this-

out. Let us be open to criticism, let us examine all suggestions, let us

not be too sure. It may and probably will involve sacrifice. Even if we are

the leading nation in the world we can't always have our way. We must put-

not even upon our individual sporting blood. Can we not as a nation be good

agents?

There is work to be done in this international sphere for others

then ourselves. It is a problem for moralists, editors, preachers, philoso-

phers, and above all for educators. It is up to the latter to lead the way

and show the youth that we have a duty to perform. We don't know. We

taught nationalism and it is in our very sinews, that is one reason we are so pig-headed. At least, we can make an honest effort. We shall have to rid ourselves of many prejudices first,-- racial, political, and religious. Perhaps the first step is to cultivate sympathy and understanding.

That we have set about this job in the last decade there are many proofs. The great boy scout meeting in England in 1929, the educational peace convention that met first in 1923 and biennially since, the contemplated American Legion tour for the summer of 1930 are only a few examples of the attempt at understanding. The re-organization of the social sciences in the schools bids fair to help the next generation for we must remember this thing will not come in one decade or one generation. It is a stupendous task we have set, one that we can put our teeth into.

It is to be hoped that the poet will set his heart to help widen this circle and that now the world is at peace he will not seek other fields of inspiration. As this international point of view has been given its greatest impetus by the world war, it has seemed fitting to collect a half dozen poems pertaining to that eventful struggle that involved the world. For example, Galsworthy, an Englishman writes of America and Russia. Vachel Lindsay living in Springfield, Ill., Lincoln's old home, walks down to the post-office and there reads the declaration of war. He retraces his steps homeward and seated at his desk pens the lovely international thought contained in, "Lincoln Walks At Midnight".

He is the only poet used who has written of his own country. Lincoln means so much to all nations it seemed only right to use him.



to get nationalities in the very same time as we are  
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 Rachel Lindsay living in Springfield, Ill., Lincoln's old home, writes now  
 to the post-office and there reads the declaration of war. He returns him  
 steps forward and stands at his desk with the lovely international thought  
 as outlined in "Lincoln's Wife at Springfield".  
 He is the only one who has written of his own country.  
 Lincoln means so much to all nations it seems only right to see him.

## They Sign For Peace

The peace pact lies on the table.

The ink is not dry where statesmen have bent to sign it.

They have gone out, but the sound of many feet walking on the wind

Circles the house to find an entrance

The scratching of pens continues,

Driven by invisible armies of the dead,

Driven by mother's of missing men,

By the starved children of war.

The wind that wheels about their footsteps has blown the door

back against the wall.

The armies of the world pass in and out.

The wounded lean upon the table to sign. Their crutches drop with

a clatter to the floor.

The fingers of the shell-shocked wander, crossing the smooth page.

The page lengthens day by day. Thr'o the wide open door

Flow the feet of those who sought forgetfulness in the noise of cities

In the silence between the break of waves on dim coastlines of the

world

They have come back, remembering. They come to sign for peace,

The sound of many feet walks on the wind.

Florida Watts-smyth



The government lies on the table.

The ink is not dry when the signature is made.

They have gone out, but the sound of many feet walking on the wind.

Children are found to find an entrance.

The scattering of gas containers.

Driven by invisible armies of the dead.

Driven by mother's of living men.

By the carved children of war.

The wind that whistles about their footstep has blown the door

back against the wall.

The armies of the world pass in and out.

The wounded lie upon the table to sign. Their signatures drop with

a whisper to the floor.

The fragments of the shell-mocked wander, creating the smoke page.

The page and those say by day. Into the wide open door

flow the feet of those who sought forgiveness in the noise of civil

in the silence between the break of waves on the coastline of the

world

They have come back, remembering. They come to sign for peace.

The sound of many feet walks on the wind.

Florida Water-works

## Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight

It is portentous, and a thing of state  
 That here at midnight in our little town  
 Mourning walks, and will not rest,  
 Near the old court house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards  
 He lingers where his children used to play,  
 Or through the market, on the well-worn stones  
 He stalks until the day star burns away.

A bronzed lank man.' His suit of ancient black,  
 A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl  
 Make him the quaint great figure that men love,  
 The Prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hill-side now.  
 He is among us:--as i ntimes before!  
 And we who toss and lie awake for long,  
 Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks of men and things.  
 Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?  
 To many peasants fight, they know not why;  
 Too many homesteads in black terror weep.  
 The sins of all the war lords burn his heart.

He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.  
 He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now  
 The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit dawn  
 Shall come;--The shining hope of Europe free:



It is a perfect day, and a fine day too,  
That none of us is in our little room,  
Leaving it empty, and all not real,  
Near the old house, sitting up and down.

Or by the homestead, or in shadowed garden,  
The light is there, and children used to play,  
Or through the garden, on the well-known stones,  
He shall find the day, far from away.

A perfect day, and a fine day too,  
A perfect day, and a fine day too,  
A perfect day, and a fine day too,  
The perfect day, and a fine day too.

He cannot find the day, and a fine day too,  
He is among the day, and a fine day too,  
And he is among the day, and a fine day too,  
And he is among the day, and a fine day too.

He is among the day, and a fine day too,  
He is among the day, and a fine day too,  
He is among the day, and a fine day too,  
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He is among the day, and a fine day too,  
He is among the day, and a fine day too,  
He is among the day, and a fine day too,  
He is among the day, and a fine day too.

A league of sober folks, the Worker's Earth,  
Bring long peace to Cornland, Alpand Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,  
That all his hours of travail here for men  
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace  
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

Vachel Lindsay

Give us a name to stir the blood  
With a stronger glow, as a swift flood,—  
A name like the sound of a trumpet clear,  
And silver-voiced and iron-strong,  
That calls these million men to their feet,  
Ready to watch, and steady to meet  
The foes who threaten that come with wrong,—  
A name that rings like a battle-song.

I give you France!

Give us a name to move the heart  
With a strength that noble grief imparts,  
A name that speaks of the blood out-poured  
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—  
A name that calls on the world to share  
In the burden of sacrificial strife,  
Where the cause of right is the world's free life  
And the rule of the people everywhere,—  
A name like a star, a name like a prayer.

I give you France!

Henry Van Dyke



1945

1. The first of these is the fact that the

second is the fact that the

third is the fact that the

fourth is the fact that the

fifth is the fact that the

sixth is the fact that the

Yechiel Lurie

## The Name of France

Give us a name to fill the mind  
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,  
The glory of learning, the joy of art, --  
A name that tells of a splendid part  
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight  
Of the human race to win its way  
From the feudal darkness into the day  
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,--  
A name like a star , a name of light.

I give you France !

Give us a name to stir the blood  
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,--  
A name like the sound of a trumpet clear,  
And silver-sweet and iron-strong,  
That calls three million men to their feet,  
Ready to match, and steady to meet  
The foes who threaten that name with wrong, --  
A name that rings like a battle-song,

I give you France!

Give us a name to move the heart  
With a strength that noble grief imparts,  
A name that speaks of the blood out-poured  
To save mankind from the sway of the sword, --  
A name that calls on the world to share  
In the burden of sacrificial strife  
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life  
And the rule of the people everywhere,--  
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.

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 With the shining thought that lead mankind,  
 The glory of learning, the joy of art, --  
 A name that tells of a splendid part  
 In the long, long roll and the strenuous fight  
 Of the human race to win its way  
 From the feudal darkness into the day  
 Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right, --  
 A name like a star, a name of light,  
 I give you France!

Give us a name to stir the blood  
 With a warmer glow and a swifter flood, --  
 A name like the sound of a trumpet clear,  
 And alive-sweet and firm-strong,  
 That calls three million men to their feet,  
 Ready to march, and steady to meet  
 The foes who threaten that name with wrong, --  
 A name that rings like a battle-song,  
 I give you France!

Give us a name to move the heart  
 With a strength that noble grief inspires,  
 A name that speaks of the blood out-poured  
 To have mankind from the way of the sword, --  
 A name that calls on the world to share  
 In the burden of sacrificial strife  
 Where the cause at stake is the world's free life  
 And the rights of the people everywhere, --  
 A name like a vow, a name like a prayer,  
 I give you France!

## Belgium

Champion of human honor, let us lave  
Your feet and bind your wounds on bended knee.  
Though coward hands have nailed you to the tree  
And shed your innocent blood and dug your grave,  
Rejoice and live! Your oriflamme shall wave--  
While man has power to perish and be free--  
A golden flame of holiest Liberty,  
Proud as the dawn and as the sunset brave.  
Belgium, where dwelleth reverence for right  
Enthroned above all ideals; where your fate  
And your supernal patience and your might  
Most sacred grow in human estimate,  
You shine a star above this stormy night  
Little no more, but infinitely great.

Eden Philpotts



Champion of human honor, let us leave  
 Your feet and hand your wounds on battle scars.  
 Though now your hand has raised you to the stars  
 And shed your innocent blood and set your grave,  
 O God and live! Your sacrifice shall save--  
 This land has power to perish and be free--  
 A golden flame of holiest liberty,  
 Proud as the dawn and as the sunset stars.  
 Belgium, what dwells in reverence for right  
 Ennobled when I feel: what your fate  
 And your forgotten patience and your might  
 Most sacred from in human estimate.  
 You shall be free above this stormy night  
 Little we care, but infinitely great.  
 Free, Belgium!

## Belgium

Not with her ruined silver spires,  
 Not with her cities shamed and rent,  
 Perish the imperishable fires  
 That the homestead from the tent.

Wherever men are staunch and free,  
 There shall she keep her fearless state,  
 And homeless to great nations be  
 The home of all that makes them great.

Edith Wharton



Not with her ruined silver armor,

Not with her silver armor and sword,

But with her imperishable flame

That the bravest find the same.

Wherever men are slain and free,

There shall she keep her faithful flame,

And humbly to great nations be

The home of all that make men free.

Edith Wharton

## Russia--America

A wind in the world! The dark departs;  
 The chains now rust that crushed men's flesh and bones,  
 Feet tread no more the mildewed prison stones,  
 And slavery is lifted from your hearts.

A wind in the world! O company  
 Of darkened Russia, watching long in vain,  
 Now shall ye see the cloud of Russia's pain  
 Go shrinking out across a summer sky.

A wind in the world! Our God shall be  
 In all the future left, no kingly doll  
 Decked out with dreadful sceptre, steel, and stole,  
 But walk the earth --a man, in Charity.

\*\*\* ----- \*\*\*\*

A wind in the world! And doubts are blown  
 To dust along, and the old stars come forth--  
 Stars of a creed to Pilgrims Fathers worth  
 A field of broken spears and flowers strown.

A wind in the world! Now truancy  
 From the true self is ended; to her part  
 Steadfast again she moves, and from her heart  
 A great America cries: Death to Tyranny!

A wind in the world! And we have come!  
 Together sea by sea; in all the lands  
 Vision doth move at last, and Freedom stands  
 With brightened wings, and smiles and beckons home!

John Galsworthy



A wind in the world! The dark separatist;  
The chains now rust that crushed man's flesh and bones,  
Fast freed as in the mirrored prison stones,  
And slavery is lifted from your hearts.

A wind in the world! O company  
Of darkened Russia, watching long in vain,  
How shall we see the dawn of Russia's gain  
Go shouting out across a sunset sky.

A wind in the world! Our God shall be  
In all the future left, no kindly doll  
Dashed out with brutal sceptre, steel, and stole,  
But walk the earth -- a man, in Charity.

A wind in the world! And doubts are blown  
To dust along, and the old chains come forth --  
Scars of a creed to Pilgrims Father's word  
A field of broken spears and flowers sown.

A wind in the world! Now tyranny  
From the true self is ended; so her part  
Greatest again she moves, and from her heart  
A great America arises: Death to Tyranny!

A wind in the world! And we have come!  
Together sea by sea; in all the lands  
Vision both move -- at last, and Freedom stands  
With brightened wings, and smiles and beckons hand!

## Italy In Arms

Of all my dreams by night and day,  
 One dream will ever more return,  
 The dream of Italy in May;  
 The sky a brimming azure urn  
 Where lights of amberbrood and burn;  
 The doves above San Marco's square,  
 The swimming Campanile tower,  
 The giants, hammering out the hour,  
 The palaces, the bright lagoons,  
 The gondolas gliding here and there  
 Upon the tide that sways and swoons.

The dome of San Antonio,  
 Where Padua 'mid her mulberry trees  
 Reclines; Adige's crescent flow  
 Beneath Verona's balconies;  
 Rich Florence of the Medicis;  
 Sienna's starlike streets that climb  
 From hill to hill; Assisi well  
 Remembering the holy apell  
 Of rapt St. Francis; with her crown  
 Of battlements, embossed by time,  
 Stern old Perugia looking down.

Then, mother of great empires, Rome,  
 City of the majestic past,  
 That o'er far leagues of alien foam  
 The shadow of her eagles cast,  
 Imperious still; impending, vast,  
 The Colosseum's curving line;



THE  
OFFICE OF THE  
SECRETARY OF THE  
NAVY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
JANUARY 1, 1900  
TO THE  
CHIEF OF THE  
NAVY  
FROM THE  
SECRETARY OF THE  
NAVY  
SUBJECT: [Illegible]

Pillar and arch and colonnade;

St. Peter's conserated shade

And Hadrian's tomb where Tiber strays;

The ruins on the Palatine

With all their memories of dead days.

And Naples with her sapphire arc

Of bay, her perfect sweep of shore;

Above her like a demon stark,

The dark fire-mountains evermore

Looming portentuous, as of yore;

Fair Capri with her cliffs and caves;

Salerno drowsing mid her vines

And olives, and the shattered shrines

Of paestum where the grey ghosts tread,

And where the wilding rose still waves

As when by Greek girls garlanded.

But hark! what ear the sound dismays,

Mine Italy! Mine Italy!

Thou that wert wrapped in peace, the haze

Of loveliness spread over thee!

Yet since the grapple needs must be,

I who have wandered in the night

With Dante, Petrarch's Laura kniwn,

Seen Vallombrosa's groves breeze-blown,

Met Angelo and Raffaell,

Against iconoclastic might

In this grim hour must wish thee well.

Clinton Scollard





## Progress and the Onward March of Democracy

It seems well to follow the international point of view with a survey of progress. To quote a well known historian on this subject may help to clinch the argument. "Having more or less a common civilization because of classical heritage and the Christian faith Europe and the United States has been profoundly influenced by international ideas and movements. Science, especially knew no barriers of race, nationality, religion, or region; the laboratory was the common meeting place of all scientists whatever their origin. With the spread of modern industry social and economic movements became international in aim and even in organization."

Whatever civilization may or may not be, it is dynamic; its rate of progress may be rapid or slow. It is a truism to say today that the world has progressed more rapidly in the first quarter of the Twentieth Century than it did in the previous five hundred years.

That we may trace the part of the poet in this onward march, it may be convenient to divide our survey into four parts; scientific, political, economic and social. But we must remember that these are all liable to overlap and that one step brings about many others.

In a hasty historical review let us see just what took place between 1870 and 1914. The period of 1870 is famous in the annals of nationalism and democracy. England enfranchised her working class, Germany in granting universal suffrage for the Reichstag made an important concession to democracy; Italy became a parliamentary monarchy; and the abolition of serfdom in Russia and of slavery in America was inspired by democratic ideals.

The Industrial Revolution created more problems than political democracy was able to solve. Hence, social reform. The social state intervened in regulating wages, hours, conditions of employment, and many other protective measures for the working man. Naturally, he used his ballot to improve his lot in life. Just how well he has succeeded may be noted by any casual observer on a Sunday afternoon drive through any part of England or America.



It seems well to follow the international trend of this

movement of progress. To quote a well known historian on this subject may help to clarify the argument. "Having more or less a common civilization because of common heritage and the Christian faith Europe and the United States have been profoundly influenced by international ideas and movements. Science, technology, law, literature, art, religion, or politics; the last-mentioned the common meeting place of all scientists whatever their origin. With the spread of modern industry social and economic movements became international in aim and even in organization."

Whatever civilization may or may not be, it is dynamic. The pace of progress may be rapid or slow. It is a failure to say today that the world has progressed more rapidly in the first quarter of the twentieth century than it did in the previous five hundred years.

Thus if we trace the path of the past in this century, we may be convenient to divide our survey into four parts: scientific, political, economic and social. But we must remember that these are all liable to overlap and that one step brings about many others.

In short, historical review let us see just what took place between 1875 and 1914. The period of 1875 is famous in the annals of nationalism and democracy. England enfranchised her working class, Germany is providing universal suffrage for her Reichstag, and the abolition of slavery in America. Italy became a parliamentary monarchy; and the abolition of slavery in America. and of slavery in America inspired by democratic ideals.

The Industrial Revolution created more problems than political democracy was able to solve. Hence, social reform. The social state intervened in regulating wages, hours, conditions of employment, and many other protective measures for the working man. Naturally, we need his belief in progress and his faith. Let us now see how well he has succeeded may be noted by our casual observation on a Sunday afternoon drive through any part of England or America.



But before all these changes came about public opinion (which many of our writers seem to scorn) must be aroused. And let the scientifically minded say what they may, we have a long way to go before man will be aroused through his intellect to do much to right wrongs. Man is above all an emotional creature and to make him do something, he must be made to feel. This is the poets share. Millet aroused by the conditions in France refused to cater to the Bourgeoisie and painted in his rebellion the laborer bowed with toil. This picture in its turn influenced Edwin Markham to his stirring accusation in the poem "The Man With the Hoe". Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her "Cry of the Children" and Thomas Hodd in the "Song of the Shirt" did much in the earlier days of industrial life in England to bring about legislation.

One of our best loved New England poets spent the greater part of his life trying to right injustices. In the poems collected for this study please note Whittier's "The Christian Slave" written in 1861 and the following poem by James Oppenheim written in 1922. As the one has fulfilled its mission so may the other strike off the chains of ignorance.

With our new concept of internationalism comes the problem of race prejudice. What are we to do with it? For the Negro its own singer Countee Cullen may pave the way by developing in his people a class consciousness. His poem finished in Paris in 1929, that he calls "The Black Christ" is too long to incorporate in this study but it is a poem to make the white man think and make an effort to change some of his methods of punishment. The shorter poems tell the story almost as well. A more comprehensive work, that includes all races can be found in Schuffler's "Scum of the Earth".

Perhaps nowhere is better expressed our onward social march than in the sheaf of war poems that has come to us in the last ten years. So feelingly does Joseph Lee, the young American, write of the German prisoners that we cannot help thinking that after all the horrors of war, "that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world".



It seems well to follow the international point of view

survey of progress. To quote a well known historian on this subject may help to clinch the argument. "Having more or less a common civilization based on classical heritage and the Christian faith Europe and the United States have been profoundly influenced by international ideas and movements. Science, especially those in domains of race, nationality, religion, or region; the law; the common meeting place of all scientists whatever their origin; the spread of certain industry, social and economic movements became international in aim and even in organization."

However civilization may or may not be, it is dynamic. The rate of progress may be rapid or slow. It is a fact to say today that the world has progressed more rapidly in the first quarter of the Twentieth Century than in the first quarter of the previous five hundred years.

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The Industrial Revolution created more problems than political democracy was able to solve. Hence, social reform. The social state government in regulating wages, hours, conditions of employment, and many other protective measures for the working man. Naturally, he used his ballot to express his will in this. That how well he has succeeded may be noted by any casual observer on a Sunday afternoon drive through any part of England or America.

## In An Age Of Science

The little world of olden days is gone,  
A thousand universe come to light;  
The eyes of science penetrate the night  
And bring good tidings of eternal dawn;  
There is no night, they find, there is no death,  
But life begetting ever fuller life;  
They look still deeper and amid the strife  
They note prevailing harmony. The breath  
Of morning sweeps the wastes of earth,  
And we who talked of age become as gods,  
Scanning the spheres, discoursing of the birth  
Of countless suns. No longer human clods,  
We stand alert and speak direct to Him  
Who hides no more behind dumb seraphim.

Thomas Curtin Clarke



The little world of older days is gone,  
A thousand answers come to light;  
The eyes of science penetrate the night,  
And bring good tidings of eternal dawn;  
There is no night, they find, there is no death,  
But life's perpetual ever rolling tide;  
They look with deeper and more joyous eyes  
Upon the prevailing darkness. The bright  
Of morning comes to us from earth,  
And we are linked of age to age as gods,  
Rejoicing in the splendour, disavowing of the birth  
Of countless years. No longer must we stoop  
We stand erect and greet the dawn of life  
Who hides no more behind dark shadows.  
Thomas Carlyle Clarke

## For A' That And A' That

Is there for honest poverty.

That hangs his head, and a' that?

The coward-slave, we pass him by,

We dare be poor for a' that!'

For a' that, and a' that,

Our toils obscure and a' that;

The rank is but the guinea stamp;

The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,

Wear hodden grey and a' that;

Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,

A man's a man fo r a' that.

For a' that , and a' that.

Their tinsel show, and a' that;

The honest man, tho' e'er so poor,

Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,

Wha struts , and stares, and a' that;

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,

He's but a poor coof for a' that:

For a' that, and a' that.

His riband, star, and a' that,

The man of independent mind,

He looks and laughs at a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,

As come it will for a' that;

That sense and worth o'er all the earth,

May bear the gree, and a' that,



Ye have not meant to say,

That change his heart, and a' that;

The comfort-leave, he gave his boy,

He gave the poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,

Our noble conscience and a' that;

The truth is not the other thing;

The man's the good for a' that,

That find, on heavily have we done,

Heart broken grey and a' that;

His foot's their strike, and leaves their wing,

A man's a man to a' that,

For a' that, and a' that,

Their lines, and a' that;

The honest man, the other no good,

Is King of men for a' that,

Ye see you think, and a' that,

The other, and a' that;

The noblest words of all words,

He's but a poor coat for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,

The noble, and a' that,

The man of independent mind,

He looks and looks at a' that,

Then let us pray that none is met,

As come it will for a' that;

That come and come, and all the same,

The heart is given that they love

For a' that and a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man the world o'er  
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

The words that lie up to the Robert Burns

by which great warriors with bitterness,

and death's hand open the final fray;

fight with the stars upon a green sword less

important than the two combatant day.

God knows I would be kind, let live, speak fair,

For it's an honest debt with more than birth,

And that for that's a debt that never stops that war

A debt that had its genesis in death,—

The debt we promised each in a book I know

But now grows every turning check to blood.

Charles Collier



For a' that and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man the world a' er  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Robert Burns

## Mood

I think an impulse stronger than my mind  
 May some day grasp a knife, unloose a vial,  
 Or with a little leaden ball unbind  
 The cords that tie me to the rank and file.  
 My hands grow quarrelsome with bitterness,  
 And darkly bent upon the final fray;  
 Night with its stars upon a grave seems less  
 Indecent than the too complacent day.

God knows I would be kind, let live, speak fair,  
 Requite an honest debt with more than just,  
 And love for Christ's dear sake these shapes that wear  
 A pride that had its genesis in dust,--  
 The meek are promised much in a book I know  
 But one grows weary turning cheek to blow.

Countee Cullen



I think an Englishman's love is like  
a rose that grows a little, and grows a little,  
on with a little, and grows a little,  
The words that are to the heart and life,  
My hands grow stronger with the years,  
And slowly, slowly, the time goes by,  
Night with the stars above, a grave, a grave,  
Independent from the world and life,  
I know I could be kind, but I live, I live,  
Remains a little, and grows a little,  
And love for love, a year, a year, a year,  
A wife and her gentle, gentle, gentle,  
The words are repeated, and in a book I know  
But one great, great, great, great, great,

Charles Dickens

## Unrest

A fierce unrest seethes at the core  
Of all existing things:  
It was the eager wish to soar  
That gave the gods their wings.

From what flat wastes of cosmic slime,  
And stung by what quick fire,  
Sunless the restless races climb!--  
Men risen out of mire!

There throbs thro all the worlds that are  
This heart beat hot and strong  
And shaken systems star by star,  
Awake and glow in song.

But for the urge of this unrest  
These joyous spheres are mute;  
But for the rebel in his breast  
Had man remained a brute.

When baffled lips demanded speech,  
Speech trembled into birth--  
(One day the lyric world shall reach)  
From earth to laughing earth.

When man's dim eyes demanded light,  
The light he sought was born--  
His wish, a Titian, scaled the height  
And flung him back the morn.'

From deed to dream, from dream to deed,  
From daring hope to hope,



A fierce unrest roused at the core

Of all existing things:

It was the agony with the heart

That gave the world its shape.

From that first winter of cosmic flame,

And through the years which life

Endures, the restless mass climb--

Men risen out of mire!

There rode through all the world the force

This heart beat hot and strong

And through the years that by star

Awake and glow in song.

But for the urge of this unrest

These things to men are mute;

But for the rebel in his breast

Had man remained a brute.

Then lifted high the bannered speech,

Speech stretched into birth--

(One day the world will reach)

From earth to lightning air.

When man's eye dawned light,

The light he saw was born--

His mind, a Titan, reared the height

And flung him back the world!

From head to breast, from hand to hand,

From daring hope to hope,

The restless wish, the instant need,  
Still lashed him up the slope,

\*\*\*\* - - - - - \*\*\*\*\*

I sing no governed firmament,

Cold, ordered, regular--

I sing the stinging discontent

That leaps from star to star!

Don Marquis



103  
The restlessness when the instant need,

Still leaped him up the steps,

-----

I find no governed firmament,

Cold, ordered, regular--

I find the stinging blackness

That leaps from star to star,

Don Marquis

The Chri sti an Slave

A Christian going, gone!

Who bids for God's own image? for his grace,

Which that p oor victim of the market place,

Hath in her suffering won?

My God! Can such thi ngs be?

Hast thou not said that whatsoever is done

Unto thy weakest and thy humblest ones

Is even done to thee?

In that sad victim, then

Child of thy pitying love, I see thee stand;

Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,

Bound , sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!

Wet with her blood your whip, o'er task her frame,

Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,

Her patience shall not fail.

A heathen hand might deal

Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years;

But her low broken prayer and nightly tears,

Ye neither hear nor feel.

Co n well thy lesson o'er,

Thou prudent teacher, tell the toiling slave

No dangerous tale of Him who came to save

The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray

Of God's free gospel from her simple heart,



The Lord will be true

A Christian going home!

He bids for God's own people for his grace,  
Which shall be our victor of the darkest place,

And in our suffering soul

My God! Can such things be?

Heart that not said that whatever is done

For my weakness and the humblest one

Is even done to thee!

In that sad vision, then

Child of my clinging love, I see thee stand;

Once more the just-ward of a morning hand,

Good, good, and accounted again!

Christen is for sale!

Not with her blood your ship, O'er dark her flame,

Make her life become with your strong and shame,

Her sentence shall not fall.

A broken heart might feel

Back in your hands: the gathered wind of years;

But our low broken prayer and sighing tears,

Ye neither hear nor feel.

Do a well thy lesson o'er,

Thou weakest teacher, tell the tolling slave

The darksome tale of him who came to save

The outcast and the poor.

But slowly and our way

Of God's free grace, from his simple heart,

And to her darkened mind alone impart

One stern command, Obey!

So shall thou deftly raise

The market price of human flesh : and while

On thee, their pampered guest, the planter's smile,

Thy church shall praise.

Grave reverend men shall tell

From Northern pulpits how thy work was blest,

While in that vile South Sodom first and blest,

Thy poor disciples sell.

God of all right, how long

Shall priestly robbers at thine altar stand,

Lifting in prayer to thee the bloody hand

And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the field of cane,

From the low rice-swamp, from the traders cell;

From the black slave-ships foul and loathing hell,

And coffle's weary chain;

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,

Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,

Filling the arches of the hollow sky,

How long, o God, how long?

John Greenleaf Whittier



One steady command, Obedy!

So shall that deadly rain

The market price of human flesh : and while

As these, their purposed guest, the painter's smile,

The church shall strain.

Grave reverend men shall fall

From Northern and also now the work was done,

While in that vile South Boston first and last,

The poor of Boston sell.

God of all right, how long

Shall earthly oppressors shine after stand,

Waiting to reap the bloody land

And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the field of crime,

From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's call;

From the black slave-whip's lash and loathing nail,

And coffee's weary chain;

Heaven, horrible, and strong,

Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,

Filling the echoes of the hollow sky,

How long, O God, how long?

John Greenleaf Whittier

## The Slave

They set the slave free, striking off his chains-----

Then he was much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,

He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,

He was still bound by fear and superstition,

By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery-----

His slavery was not in his chains,

But in himself-----

They can only set free men free-----

And there is no need of that:

Free men set themselves free.

James Oppenheim





## War

Did the rose-bush or the oak  
Thrill at Trenton's battle smoke?  
Or did the earthworm in the mould  
Shout when Gettysburg unrolled  
Its tawny thunders over him?  
Did corn-grains buried in the dim  
Terrible creative ground  
Cease growing at the shaken sound  
Of Grant's gaunt thousands marching by?  
Well pondering their conduct, I  
Think their aloof indifference  
Was most amazing common-sense!

E. Merrill Root





## When There Is Peace

" When there is peace our land no more  
Will be the land we knew before".  
Thus do our facile seers foretell  
The truth that none can buy or sell  
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,  
Shall we still strive for gear and store?  
Will it be Heaven? Will it be Hell,  
When there is peace?

This let us pray for, this implore:  
That all base dreams thrust out at door,  
We may in loftier aims excel  
And, like men waking from a spell,  
Grow stronger, nobler, than before,  
When there is Peace.

Austin Dobson



"When there is peace our land no more

Will be the land we know before."

Then do our people see a foreboding

The sword that none can buy or sell

And when the wisest man is there.

When we have died at every hour,

Still we still strive for gear and store?

Will it be Heaven? Will it be Hell?

When there is peace?

That let us pray for, this we know:

That all these dreams thrust out at door,

As any in our life time ever

And, like our nation, true and good,

Grow stronger, nobler, than before,

When there is Peace.

Walter Dill Scott

## German Prisoners

When first I saw you in the curious street  
Like some platoon of soldier ghosts in gray,  
My mad impulse was all to smite and slay,  
To spit upon you--tread you 'neath my feet.  
But when I saw how each sad soul did greet  
My gaze with no sign of defiant frown,  
How from tired eyes looked spirits broken down,  
How each face showed the pale flag of defeat,  
And doubt, despair, and disillusionment,  
And how were grievous wounds on many a head,  
And on your garb red-faced was other red;  
And how you stooped as men whose strength was spent,  
I knew that we had suffered each as other,  
And could have grasped your hand and cried, "My brother!"

Joseph Lee



That first I saw you in the curious street  
In the same station at the same time  
Up and looked at me with a smile and a sign  
To sign upon your breast you thrust up your  
But when I saw how as on and on it grew  
My gaze with no sign of defiance grew  
No more then after looking at this prison room  
How soon I saw under the pale light of defeat  
And doubt, despair, and disillusionment  
And how your presence at this so early a hour  
And the great (and I know) was then  
And how you looked at me with a smile and a sign  
I know that I had suffered each at other  
And which gave strength your hand and eye, "My friend"

Joseph Lee

To The United States of America

Brothers in Blood! They who this wrong began  
To wreck our commonwealth, will rue the day  
When first they challenged freeman to the fray,  
And with the Briton dared the American.

No w we are pledged to win the rights of men;  
Labour and justice now shall have their way,  
And ina league of peace--God grant we may--  
Transform the earth, not patch up the old plan.

Sure is our hope since he who led your nation  
Spake for mankind, and ye arose in awe  
Of that high call to work the world's salvation;  
Clearing your minds of al l estranging blindness  
In the Vision of Beauty and the Spirits law,  
Freedom and Honour and sweet Lovingkindness.

Robert Bridges



To the United States of America

Brothers in Blood! They who have sworn

To wreck our Commonwealth, will not the day

When first they challenged Freedom to the fray,

And with the Briton saved the American?

No we are pledged to win the rights of man;

Let our and Justice now shall have their way,

And the League of Peace--God grant us may--

Then, for the world, not yetched up the old plan.

But is our hope since in the last year's plan

Such for mankind, and we stand in the

Of that high call to work the world's redemption

Opening your minds of all I strengthen blindness

In the Vision of Beauty and the Spirit's law,

Freedom and Honor and Love's loving-kindness.

Robert Bridges

Do ye hear the children weeping, o my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
And that cannot stop their tears,  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
The young birds are chirping in their nests,  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west--  
But the young, young children, o my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!  
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,  
In the country of the free.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap;  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep,  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,  
We fall upon our faces trying to go;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
For, all day we drag our burden tiring  
Through the coal-dark underground,  
Or, all day we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories round and round.

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning:  
Their wind comes on our faces,  
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,  
And the walls turn in their places;



Do ye hear the children's voices, as ye pass—

Their voices come with us, though

They are passing from us, like the leaves of the year,

And their summer is over, their song

The young leaves are falling in the woods,

The young birds are singing in their nests,

The young flowers are blooming with the rain,

The young things are passing from us, like the leaves of the year—

But the young, young, young, young, young, young,

They are passing from us, like the leaves of the year,

They are passing from us, like the leaves of the year,

In the country of the year.

"For all," said the children, "we are ready,

And we cannot run or jump,

If we could for the world, it is not ours,

To be born, to live and die,

One moment, and we are no more,

We shall never see the world again,

And, therefore, our hearts are full of grief,

The world is never more, it is not ours,

For, all day long, we hear our hearts crying,

For the world is never more, it is not ours,

Oh, all day long, we hear our hearts crying,

In the world is never more, it is not ours,

"For all," said the children, "we are ready,

And we cannot run or jump,

If we could for the world, it is not ours,

To be born, to live and die,

Turns the sky in the high window, blank and reeling,  
Turns the long light that drops along the wall,  
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling;  
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.  
And all day the iron wheels are droning,  
And sometimes we could pray,  
"O, ye wheels", (break out in a mad moaning),  
"Stop! Besilent for today"!!

Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,  
O my brothers, what ye preach?  
For God's possible is taught by his world's loving,  
And the children doubt of each.

Elizabeth Browning



There's the light in the eyes of the  
 There's the light in the eyes of the  
 There's the light in the eyes of the  
 All are looking at the light in the eyes of the

And all are looking at the light in the eyes of the

And all are looking at the light in the eyes of the

"O, the light in the eyes of the"

"O, the light in the eyes of the"

Do you see the light in the eyes of the

O, the light in the eyes of the

For the light in the eyes of the

And the light in the eyes of the

Elizabeth Browning

## Scum O'the Earth

At the gates of the West I stand,  
 On the isle where the nations throng.  
 We call them "scum o'the earth:  
 Stay, are we doing you wrong,  
 Young fellow from Socrates land?  
 You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong  
 Fresh from the masters Praxiteles 'hands?  
 So you're of Spartan birth?  
 Descended, perhaps, from one of the band--  
 Deathless in story and song--  
 Who combed their long hair at Thermopylae's pass?  
 Ah, I forget the straits, alas!  
 More tragic than theirs, more compassion worth  
 That hve doomed you to march in our immigrant class  
 Where you're nothing but "scumo'the earth."

You Pole with the child on your knee,  
 What dower bring you to the land of the free?  
 Hark! does she croon  
 That sad little tune  
 That Cho pin once found on his Polish lee  
 And mounted in gold for you and for me?  
 Now a ragged young fiddler answers  
 In wild CZeck melody  
 That Dvorak took whole from the dancers.  
 And the heavey faces bloom  
 In the wonderful Slavic way;  
 The little, dull eyes, the brows aglow,  
 Suddenly dawn like the day,



THE BIRTH

At the birth of the world I stood,  
On the hills where the angels sing.  
The earth was young and the world was new,  
And the sun and moon were young and new.  
The stars were young and the world was new,  
And the sun and moon were young and new.  
The stars were young and the world was new,  
And the sun and moon were young and new.

THE BIRTH OF THE WORLD

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THE BIRTH OF THE WORLD

While, watching these folk and their mystery,  
 I forget that their nothing worth;  
 That Bohemians, Slavaks, Croatians,  
 And men of all Slavic nations  
 Are Placks:--and "scum o' yhe earth".

Genoese boy of the level brow,  
 Lad of the lustrous dreamy eyes  
 A-stare at Manhattan's pinnacles now  
 In the first sweet shock of a hushed surprise;  
 Within your far wrapped seere eyes  
 I catch the glow of the wild surmise  
 That played on the Santa Maria's prow  
 In that still gray dawn  
 Four centuries ago  
 When a world from the wave began to rise.  
 Oh, its hard to foretell what high emprise  
 Is the goal that gleams  
 When Italy's dreams  
 Spread wing and sweep into the sky.  
 Caesar dreamed him a world ruled well;  
 Dante dreamed heaven out of hell;  
 Angelo brought us there to dwell;  
 And you, are you of a different birth?--  
 You're only a dago, --and "scumO' the earth".

Stay, are we doing you wrong  
 Calling you "scum o' the earth",  
 Man of the sorrowed bowed head,  
 Of the features tender, yet strong,--  
 Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery  
 Mingled with patience and dread?



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Have I ~~hnt~~ known you in history ,

Sorrow-bowed head?

Were you the poet-king, worth

Treasures of Ophir unpriced?

Were you the prophet perchance, whose art

Foretold how the rabble would mock

That sheperd of spirits ere long,

Who should carry the lambs on his heart

And tenderly feed his flock?

Man--lift that sorrowed bowed head.

Lo! 'tis the face of the Christ!

You' re merely a butt for our mirth.

You' re a sheeny--and therefore despised

And rejected as "scum o'the earth".

Countrymen , bend and invoke

Mercy for us blasphemers,

For that we spat on these marvelous folk,

Nations of darers and dreamers,

Scions of singers and seers

Our peers and more than our peers.

"Rabble and refuse", we name them

And "scum o'the earth" to shame them.

Mercy for us of the few young years,

Of the culture so callow and crude,

Of the hands so grasping and rude,

The lips so ready for sneers

At the sons of our ancient more than peers.

Mercy for us who dare despise

Men in whose loins our Homer lies;

Mothers of men who shall bring to us



I have I think known you for many years.

Admiral - (said)

Now you are going to be a general.

Remember me to your mother.

She has been a most devoted mother, and she

has been a most devoted mother, and she

has been a most devoted mother, and she

has been a most devoted mother, and she

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General - (said)

Now you are going to be a general.

Remember me to your mother.

She has been a most devoted mother, and she

has been a most devoted mother, and she

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The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;  
Children in whose frail arms shall rest  
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the Eastern seas ,  
Help us incarnate dreams like these,  
Forget and forgive that we did you wrong.  
Help us to father a nation, strong  
In the comradeship of an equal birth,  
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

Robert Haven Schauffler





## Tableau

Locked arm in arm they cross the way,  
The black boy and the white,  
The golden splendor of the day,  
The sable pride of night.

From lowered blinds the dark folke stare,  
And here the fair folks talk,  
Indignant that these two should dare  
In unison to walk.

Oblivious to look and word  
They pass, and see no wonder  
That lightning brilliant as a sword  
Should blaze the path of thunder.

Countee Cullen



looked out in the first of the day,

The black dog and the white,

The golden color of the day,

The magic of night.

From the tower of the dark tower,

And the fair tower of the day,

Indignant that their two should be

In union to walk.

Obvious to look and read

They pass, and see no wonder

That lightning brilliant as a word

Should blaze the path of wonder.

Madison

Once riding in old Baltimore,  
Heart-filled , head-filled with glee,  
I saw a Baltimorean  
Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,  
And he was no wit bigger,  
And so I smiled, but he poked out  
His tongue, and called me, "Nigger".

I saw the whole of Baltimore  
From May until December;  
Of all the things that happened there  
That's all that I remember.

Countee Cullen



One riding in the Baltimore,  
 heart-filled, head-filled with glass,  
 I saw a Baltimorean

Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was right and very small.

And he was no bit bigger.

And he I called, but he looked out.

All together, we called me "Bigger".

I saw the whole of Baltimore

From my small balcony;

Of all the things that happened there

That's all that I remember.

Comrade Keller

## XI

## The Individual Plus the Group

To be a pioneer people is to be individualistic,-- only the hardier soul s dare brave pioneer life. And so in America we find woven into our laws and our literature the glorification of individual achievement. This is good but it is not all. Every man and woman has a right to certain personal liberties,-- vocation, religion, choice of mate, and home. In a machine made world it is not to be wondered at that man seeks individualism, when he is made to feel constantly that he is a mere cog in the wheels. And the manager of industry often loses out in his sublime self supremacy, for as Prof . Mecklin says, "Among the thousands of human beings working like bees in a vast plant there are countless precious human capacities that lie dormant or absolutely ignored"..The schools in their vocational work are trying to get at this very problem and it is encouraging to note that the factory men are beginning to lend an ear.

Out of so drastic a change in human relations brought by the Industrial Revolution must of perforce come a new philosophy. In individualism we find a name. The development of the "I" has dominated many phases of life; the church through its salvation of the individual, the business world through its worship of success, the social worlds idealization of the heroes, and the school in its training of youth. It was a harsh creed, but the belief was that only the fit should survive. Doctrines of equality and liberty were shouted from the house-tops. The economists preached laissez faire; opposed tariffs; navigation laws, labor unions, and monopoly of any kind.

In spite of the fact that it was unaware of it, the Industrial Revolution was inaugurating a new system of society. Man was soon to learn that development of the individual means nothing if he is not able to live in a certain amount of harmony with his fellows. Many of the abuses named were not perpetrated because man was anti-social, but because of a lack of realization. The growing complexity of modern life needs and still needs a different





adjustment to the social order. The fact is our economic progress has out-stripped our social progress.

Charles Horton Cooley says "society and the individual are aspects of the same thing. It is the greatest of fallacies to set them in opposition." Man in his individualistic bent is just as much a product of society as society is of its members. Again, which comes first, the hen or the egg?

Dr Stafford of the Old South Church of Boston in a sermon that he called "The Miracle of the Individual" calls Jesus the greatest individual the world has ever known. "Yet, with truth as evident to the Christian heart as it is paradoxical, Christianity sees in this unique person the clearest delineation ever presented, the only ideal which deserves to be generally recognized and pursued by all men everywhere. A like paradox is apparent in the truth that we can only appreciate the individual on condition of appreciating all in general,--that is, the meaning and worth of human personality wherever it is found".

To fit men and women to live sanely in our modern world, under a democratic regime, it is necessary to inculcate into their minds an ability to judge fairly, to tolerate widely, and to think for themselves in terms not only of the highest individual attainment, but also in terms of the highest group development. The world has not attained but "a man's reach should exceed his grasp or what's a heaven for".



subordinate to the social order. The fact is our economic progress

has outstripped our social progress.

Charles Horton Cooley says "morality and the individual are

products of the same thing. It is the product of relations to the group

in position." For in his individualistic form is just as much a product

of relations to society as morality is of the individual. Again, which comes first,

the man or the deed?

Dr. Clifford of the Old South Church at Boston in a sermon

that he called "The Morality of the Individual" said: "I have the greatest

individuals and would have ever known. 'But, with truth as evidence to the

Christian world as it is perceptive, Christianity sees in this unique

person one who is a revelation even presented. The only ideal which he

seems to be perfectly recognized and personally all men acknowledge. A life

purpose is apparent in his work that we can only approximate the individual

of an elevation of representing all in general,--that is, the meaning of

work of man personally whatever it is to be."

So far we have seen the individual as a social being, and

what a democratic religion, it is necessary to include into our

as ethics to give birth to collective ethics, and to give for human-

ity is large not only of the highest individual attainment, but also in

terms of the highest group development. The world has not attained yet

the world's peace which would be the first of a new era."

## Song of the Chattahooche

Out of the hills of Habersham,  
Down the valleys of Hall,  
I hurry amain to reach the plain,  
Run the rapid and leay the fall,  
Split at the rock and together again,  
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,  
And flee from folly on every side  
With a lover's pain to attain the plain  
Far from the hills of Habersham,  
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham ,  
All down the valleys of Hall,  
The rushes cried, Abide, Abide,  
The wilful water weeds held me thrall,  
The laving laurel turned my tide,  
The ferns and fondling grass said, Stay,  
The dew berry worked for to make delay,  
And the little reeds sighed ,Abide, abide,  
Here in the hills of Habersham,  
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,  
And oft in the valleys of Hall  
The hickory told us manifold  
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall  
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,  
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut , the pine,  
Overleaning with flickering meaning and sign,  
Said, Pass not so cold, these manifold



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Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,  
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,  
And oft in the valleys of Hall ,  
The white quartz shone, and the smooth bro oksyone  
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,  
And many a luminous jewel shone  
Crystal clear or a -cloud with mist,  
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst--  
Made lures with the light of streaming stone  
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,  
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,  
And oh, not the valleys of Hall,  
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.  
Downward the voice of duty calls---  
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,  
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,  
And a myraid flowers mortally yearn,  
And the lordly main from beyond the main-plain  
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,  
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Sidney Lanier





If I should die , think only this of me:

That's there's some corner of a foreign field

That is forever Englands. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,

Gave on ce her flowers to love, her ways to roam,

A body of Englands, breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think this heart , all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thought by England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her days;

And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness,

In hearts at peace , under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooks





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